

KITH and KIN

By

WALTER STAFFORD SWETNAM

KITH AND KIN BY WALTER STAFFORD SWETNAM (1975)

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Foreword

This book is written primarily for our own children and grandchildren, secondarily for brothers and sisters, nieces and nephews, and other kin who may be interested. And if anybody else should find it interesting or useful, so much better. It makes no claim to scholarship, and it is far from being exhaustive. The names and dates are believed to be substantially correct, but there may well be errors.

On the occasion of my birthday day, in 1957, Horton send me a poem, the only poetic effort of his that I can remember. I saved it, and want to include it in this:

The wakes up early to piddle with the plants?
Whose voice have I heard say "Pick up those pants!"

Who tells the twisted jokes, funny but old?
And who saves on gas bills when winter is cold?

Who whistles so gaily, and walks fast and far?
And who with burnt fingers utters "Furchtbar!"

But who has gray hairs on the top of his head
From sacrificing luxuries and having me instead?

And who thinks of others all hours of the day?
And whose voice is more sincere when saying "Let us pray?"

God bless him well, for he's surely no quitter -
Just a note saying "Thanx" from one of the litter.

One good poem deserves another, so here goes:

This is first person singular, but it's not just "me;"
By rights most of it should have been written "we."

We have gathered some memories and held them in store,
As our parents and others have told us far more.

Much was forgotten, has and herein explained,
But still we are thankful that some was retained,

Some sweet to remember, and some are almost bitter,
We pass them on to you of the litter,

In the hope that the clan, so long as it may last
May at least have some knowledge of the things of the past.

Crawfordsville, Indiana, February 28, 1975.

BLAINE

Among the rugged hills of Lawrence County, Kentucky, there is a place where the Blaine Creek Valley unexpectedly broadens out into a large area of choice farming land. At the point where Hood's Fork joins Blaine Creek is the little village of Blaine. In this place, my great-grandfather, Neri Swetnam, settled and acquired a large portion of this valley and of the hills surrounding it. Whether this land was purchased, or received as a grant in recognition of his father's service (we may suppose, but there is no proof) in the War of Independence, we do not know. Our family records show that Neri Swetnam was born in Culpepper County, Virginia in 1771; but as diligent search has unearthed no record of Swetnams in Culpepper County, but the name has been found in Prince Georges County, it is probable that our record is in error. Neri Swetnam was married on Christmas Day, 1803, to Mildred Cross, and probably soon after the wedding they established themselves in the new home in Kentucky. There they prospered and raised a large family consisting of Louisa, 1/28/1805, Claiborne Louis, 2/10/1807, Zephaniah F., 5/21/1809, John J., 6/10/1811, NERI FICKLEN, my grandfather, 9/5/1813, Elzaphan, 2/3/1816, Hamilton S., 6/1/1818, and Purlina E., 1/22/1821. Neri Swetnam died in 1862, his wife having died two years before.

In a book entitled BIG SANDY VALLEY, by William Ely, published some time before 1892, on pages 84 to 85, appears the following account of the Swetnams:

Neri Swetnam (sic) and family came from near Washington City, in Virginia, in 1818, and bought an immense boundary of land on the Blaine, which is known to this day as Sweatnum neighborhood. He was a man of wealth and fine manners, as was his wife, who was a Cross. Their home was the resting place of the Methodist preachers for they were ardent Methodists. It was the stopping place for most of the great lawyers and statesman who so frequently, in early days, passed by the Sweatnum neighborhood on the road from Louisa to West Liberty, and from the interior of the state to the Sandy country.

Mr. Sweatnum and his wife, in their day, often entertained Judge French, Leander Cox, Richard Menafree, John M. McConnel, Watt Andrews, Judge James M. Rice, and other noted men. Although Mr. Sweatnum was a strong Henry Clay whig, he always said that he liked Judge Rice, of his own county, better than any of the great men that stopped with him. Rice was much younger than me, and his jolly, ardent nature, as well as the great talents of the judge, won the love of his heart. Mr. Sweatnum had a servant named Bill, who used to attend the election with gingerbread, to sell for his own profit, and was sharp enough to cry it off as Rice cakes, if Rice was a candidate, knowing that Master Rice was very liberal to the Blacks if he was a slave owner; and that while his own master was a Whig and Rice a Democrat, his personal liking for the judge would cause him to wink at the selfish zeal in promoting the election of a Democrat.

Mr. Sweatnum died in 1861, his wife proceeding him two years. He had six sons and two daughters, Dr. Sweatnum, of Louisa, is the youngest son. John Sweatnum, of Bath (County) another, Claiborne, Neri, and Elza Sweatnum, the three latter of Blaine, are the living sons, Zephaniah having long since died in Iowa. Mrs. Judge Dean is a granddaughter of Neri Sweatnum, Sr, and so is the wife of the author of this book. He has three or four grandsons who are noted physicians, among them doctor J. M. Sweatnum of Omaha, Nebraska. Many of his descendants are in California; and his youngest daughter, with her husband, John Osborn, lives in Arizona. The oldest daughter was the wife of Robert Walter, both of them have been dead for many years.

The great landed estates of Mr. Sweatnum is every foot held sacred by his descendants, who still keep alive the family traditions. Mr. Sweatnum was a good man and true, and his family came to honor.

The "great landed estate" may indeed have been held sacred, but surely, even by the time that book was published, it must have been divided. My grandfather, Neri Ficklen Swetnam, held a large portion of it, and his home, which must have been the old home place, was destroyed by fire about 1821. After my grandmother's death in 1920 the farm was divided, and parts sold off, for the most part. Now there is no Swetnam living on the place. Fred Ferguson, holds a portion of it; otherwise, I think it has all passed out of the family.

On the top of the hill above the home place there is little cemetery, where my grandparents, (and I think my-great grandparents too) and other members of the family are buried, including my father. Fred Ferguson takes personal oversight of the cemetery, for which we are all grateful.

The Blaine community, though far from any large center, with no railroad, and for a long time not much in the way of roads, seems to have had a culture consciousness unusual in some small communities. Many distinguished people have gone out from it, though I can remember very few of the names that I used to hear my parents mention. I, myself, have had little contact with Blaine. My parents moved away when I was two years old; we visited there briefly in the summer of 1907 or 1908, and again, with my parents, I was there for a week or two in the summer of 1916. I spent a day or two there in 1930, and again, with Ernest and George, in 1935; and with Kit in 1962, and again in 1973, I spent a few hours there. I don't know the place at all. And yet, widely as the family is scattered now, many of their roots are there, and Blaine will always be a significant name to all the family.

My grandfather died in 1892, and some time after that, probably about 1895, my parents, who had been living in Johnson County, came back to Blaine, and built a house about 400 feet east of the home place, and a little higher on the hillside. It was a neat little cottage, and it was their home for about seven years - the only real home they ever had. In the twenty years after they left there, they lived in sixteen different places. They planted an orchard; and in the early spring after the house was built, my father had cut off a long "water sprout" from one of the young apple trees. When mother saw it she exclaimed, "Oh, that's too pretty to throw away. I'm going to plant it." And she stuck it deep into the soft dirt that had been piled on the east side of the house after the cellar was excavated. Dad laughed at her, but the branch took root, and grew into a good apple tree, and I have eaten the fruit from it. It was still there, I believe, when we visited in 1935.

When my parents left Blaine, in 1902 or early 1903, the house passed to Aunt Lou, and she lived there for many years. Her son, Fred Ferguson, lives there now. I have no memory at all of living in that house where I was born; but the sight of it stirs up thoughts of what must have been the life of my parents there. I think that must have been the time of greatest happiness they ever knew. Happiness is an elusive thing at best, often unrecognized until it is passed. But I think there was much real happiness in those years, and I thank God for it. It is a part of our heritage.

One of my sources of information about the Swetnam family is a letter that my mother gave me about 1920, and which, by some miracle of providence, has been preserved through the years. It is written in pencil on two sheets of paper apparently torn from a ledger, and is as follows:

Louisa, KY., Jan. 25, 1908

Dear Niece,

I received your kind and welcome letter. I will tell you all I know about the Swetnam's. 1. Neri Swetnam was born Nov. 20, 1777 in Culpepper Co., Va., between the Rappahanock and Potomic. Neri is the son of John and Sarah Swetnam. Mildred Cross daughter of James and Barsheba Cross. Mildred was born May 20, 1778. Was born at same place.

Louisa A. E. Swetnam was born Jan 28, 1805.

C. L. Swetnam was born Feb. 10 1807.

Zephaniah F. Swetnam was born May 21 1809.

John J. Swetnam was born June 10 1811.

Neri F. Swetnam Sept. 5 1813.

Elzaphen M. Swetnam was born Feb 3 - 1816.

Hamilton S. Swetnam was born June 1. 1818.

Purlina E. Swetnam was born Jan 22, 1821.

Neri and Mildred Cross were married Dec 25 1803.

D. T. Johnson and C. M. Swetnam were married March 15 1866.

John W. Swetnam and Alice Burgess were married May 2 1887.

T. O. Johnson and Mary Trinaville Swetnam were married May 15 1877.

Neri Swetnam died July 20 1862.

Mildred Swetnam died July 20 1860.

Zephaniah Swetnam died May 14 1855.

?????? Swetnam died Jan 10 1867.

So I close for this time. How many children have you got. And what do you do I am not very well I hope you are well so I will close.

Mary J. Swetnam

This letter is precious, but meager, and leaves some questions unanswered, notably the identity of the writer. Since she was from Louisa, and called my mother "niece," (wife of a nephew) she must have been the widow of Hamilton S., who had died in 1893, and who was the "Dr. Sweatnum of Louisa" referred to in the excerpt from BIG SANDY VALLEY. The family used to refer to him as "Uncle Doctor;" he was also a local preacher in the Methodist church. On another page I plan to show the family in diagrammatic form as completely as possible. But at this point I want to put in a little information from my memory and other sources about my grandfather's brothers and sisters.

Louisa married Robert Walter, and had four sons, Edford, Marion, Swetnam, (who was killed in the union army) and Monroe. Monroe married Ann Patrick, who must have been my grandmother's sister. That would have made my father and Monroe double first cousins, and I think this was the case. Their children were Luther, Roscoe, Lena, Mandy, Pearl, Edford, and Henry. Monroe was 17 years older than my father, but his sons, Luther and Roscoe, though younger, were almost like brothers to my father. The farms were adjoining, and the families were very close. My name may have been chosen because of this kinship, though I have always thought the choice was due in part to the fact that my father was a great admirer of Dickens' novels, DOMBEY AND SON being a special favorite, in which there is a character named Walter.

When we visited Blaine in 1908 I remember being in the Walter home, and seeing Edford, (Monroe's elder brother I think, not the son of the same name) who was in an advanced stage of facial cancer, a horrible sight which impressed me greatly. And I remember Monroe, and Ann, and Pearl, but none of the others. Luther I know studied law, and became a highly successful lawyer in Chicago. Henry may have been the one referred to in the next paragraph; at least I find no other Henry on my

list of names. Monroe was still living when George and I visited Blaine in 1930, though pretty feeble and 84.

The idea of prescience keeps appearing here and there in family histories. I have heard my parents tell this story, but do not remember who was the principal character. It was probably before the turn of the century, and in those days typhoid was a scourge every summer, always dreaded, but often expected. Anyway, as the story goes, this member of the family connection was ill with typhoid, and recognizing that the end was near, said, "Bury me between Henry and Neri." (This was "Little Neri," the son of Elzaphan Swetnam) There had been no news that Neri, who lived several miles away, was ill, and the family thought that this remark was just the result of delirium from his fever. But the man died, and they took him to the cemetery, and buried him beside Henry. Before the crowd had dispersed, a wagon hove into sight, and when it arrived it was discovered that its cargo was the coffin containing the body of Neri.

Uncle Claiborne married Therese Wellman, and had one son, Milton, of whom I know nothing, and three daughters, Emily, who married Elisha Wellman, Sarah Jane, of whom more anon, and Mary, who married Harry Gambill, who was a merchant, and was held in honor over a considerable area. They had two sons who became doctors, one's name was John, the other I have forgotten. Doctor John, just out of medical school, was called in hastily by my mother when Ernest was taken suddenly ill with meningitis (more experienced doctors being unavailable) and by skill or science or by the grace of God he was able to bring him safely through it. That must have been about 1898.

Sara Jane was unlucky in her marriages, marrying first a Holton, then a Lafe (probably Lafayette) Carter, who squandered her inheritance and left her destitute. I think she never had any children. She was a very dear friend of my mother, and was known in the family as "Aunt Sackie", although of course she was a cousin, not an aunt. She was a deeply religious person, and much loved by all. When we visited Blaine in 1916, she was living with her nephew, Doctor John Campbell, and I remember her distinctly. I also recall that on the day we visited there, just as dinner was ready the bees swarmed, and dinner had to wait while Doctor John got the swarm safely hived.

In his late years Uncle Claiborne became senile, and a man named Isam Skaggs was employed to look after him, keep him clean and out of mischief. Uncle Claiborne took a great dislike to him, and somehow conceived the idea that any food he left on his plate would be eaten by Skaggs, so that he would clean his plate meticulously, saying, "If I leave any bite, that Skaggs gets it." It is said that Uncle Claiborne had a considerable sum in gold, in a churn, or crock, which was well hidden - so well, in fact, that after his death it was never found. Of course somebody may have found it and made off with it, or it may still be hidden somewhere around the place.

Zephania F. went west to seek his fortune, and may have found it, at least he stayed there, and died at Prescott, Iowa in 1855, at age 45. The name of his wife has been lost, but he had a daughter, Mildred, who married a Perigo, and eight other children, the only name known to me is that of the youngest, John, who reportedly returned to Kentucky and settled at Frenchburg. He married Sidney Plougher, and had nine children.

John J. went to Bath County, and had a family of eleven or twelve children, one of whom, Robert Richmond, had two sons, John and William Wayne. The latter, in 1950, was a barber in Sugar City, Colorado. Early in 1950, the syndicated magazine section THIS WEEK (in this case attached to the New Orleans Times-Picayune) had on

its cover the picture of Eleanor Swetnam, who had been crowned queen of the junior rodeo, it did not say where. I wrote to the Times-Picayune; they referred me to the editors of the syndicated magazine, from whom I finally got the address as Sugar City, Colorado. I wrote to Eleanor, and received an interesting letter from her, dated July 26, 1950. She was then sixteen, and had a brother, John, fourteen. She furnished me the information above, and she also told me that she and her brother liked very much to ride in rodeos, that her parents disapproved, considering it too dangerous, "But as long as we practice the piano, they let us" - an interesting family compromise.

Elzaphan's wife was named Cynthia, that is all I know of her. They had daughters Cyrilda, who married a Moore, Julia, who also married a Moore, Hester, who married a Holton, Josephine, who married a Salyers, and afterward an Arrington; and sons John, Neri, (Little Neri, already referred to) and the youngest, probably junior, who was known as Bud. John had sons Morton and Zephania, "Zephie", and a daughter, Opal, whom I remember faintly.

"Bud" was left an orphan at an early age, and was taken into my grandfather's home, and grew up with my father and his brothers and sister. It was a farm life, and everybody was supposed to work, but Bud did not take kindly to it. He used to stutter pretty badly, and he said to my grandfather, "Uncle Neri, y-y-y-you may learn me to work, but y-y-y-y-you'll never learn me to love it." But in adult life he confessed, "Uncle Neri, you learned me to work, and you learned me to love it."

It seems that Uncle Elzy was not very correct in his sex life, though just what the circumstances were I have forgotten. But on one occasion his brother, "Uncle Doctor" (the preacher) warned him in stern tones, "Don't you know, if what they're saying about you is true, you are a lost man?" He replied, "Of course I know it. But it's not true!" But when the facts became known, it turned out that the rumors were true. Perhaps it was this that caused some woman, I don't remember whom, to say "If hell were raked and scraped with a fine-toothed comb, there wouldn't be a meaner man found in it than Elzy Swetnam" - a pretty harsh judgment.

Hamilton S., "Uncle Doctor," practiced medicine in Louisa, the county seat of Lawrence County, and was highly respected. His wife's maiden name has been lost to me, but they had Cornelia M., who married Dave Johnson in 1866, John W., who married Alice Burgess in 1872, William B., who married Effie Hemans Green in 1887, Mary Trinavilla, who married T. O. Johnson in 1877.

And the last of the brood, Aunt Purlina, married John Osborn, and went to Arizona, and that's all I know about her.

My grandfather, Neri Ficklen Swetnam, was a man of moderate stature, and I have been said to resemble him, in appearance and disposition, more than any of the other grandchildren. Wanderlust has been a notable characteristic of many of the Swetnams, and he was no exception. We do know that he made a walking trip to Iowa before he was married. When this trip was made, how long he stayed there, and what the motive behind it was we can only conjecture. We have noted that his brother, Zephania, went to Iowa and stayed, and died there in 1855, at the age of 46. Did Grandfather go with him, or go to visit him, or perhaps go to help settle up things after his untimely death? Iowa was admitted as a state in 1846, and whenever his visit occurred, it must still have been pretty much of a frontier area. We do know that he had a companion on the return trip, and an interesting story about it has been preserved. Early on the return trip, which must have taken a month or more, a dog attached himself to them, and proved himself a valuable member of their party. The dog appeared to be equally fond of both man, and as they neared the end of their journey, they decided that some way must be found to decide whose dog it

should be. Accordingly, they agreed that at the next fork in the road, one man would take the right and the other the left, and let the dog decide which one he would follow. This was done; and the dog, in obvious distress, ran back and forth between the two men as they went separate ways. But the men went on unheeding, and the dog finally decided to stay with Grandfather. It has also been told that he had a way with dogs, that he would go in fearlessly where even the fiercest dogs were kept, and was never bitten.

Pioneer life required a great deal of courage and self-reliance. This story is told of my grandfather, or his father, I am not sure which, that on one occasion he was harvesting wheat, with a hired man, using a cradle, (a scythe with an attachment of wooden bars for holding the cut stalks) according to the custom of the times. By some mischance Grandfather inhaled a wheat beard, which went well down into his windpipe and lodged, and he was unable to cough it out. Experience had taught him that he was in great danger, that this object would quickly collect enough phlegm to make breathing impossible. Medical aid was out to the question. He told the hired man, "I can feel it, it's right here. Here is my knife, and it is sharp. Cut in there and get it out." The hired man demurred, afraid that the operation would prove fatal. But Grandfather said "I'll certainly die if you don't do it. Go ahead and try." And the operation was successful.

After his return from Iowa, Grandfather settled on the home farm. He was a diligent and efficient farmer, successful and highly respected in the community. He was a faithful member of the Methodist church, a man of exemplary life. He never used tobacco, and liquor only in great moderation. He married in 1858, at 45 years of age (why did he wait so long?) to Serena Patrick, who was then 20 years old. I know nothing of her forbears. Ann Patrick, who married Monroe Walter, must have been her sister; and we know of two brothers, Reuben and Elijah, both of whom served in the Union Army in the Civil War. "Rube" was a scout, perhaps both of them were. Rube slipped into the Confederate camp and stole a cannon - dismantled it, and carried it off piece by piece, even the heavy barrel, as he was a powerful man. We used to have a photograph of him standing beside the cannon. After the war, the cannon was long kept on the public square in Salyersville, Kentucky, it may still be there for all I know. *[Ed. Note: I passed through Salyersville in 2002 and I looked for it, but I could not find it. - WBS]* On one occasion "Lige" was captured by a rebel patrol, and while they were camped for the night he waited until all were asleep, then attempted escape. As he was crossing a rail fence near the camp, the top rail suddenly broke, with a report, he afterwards said, louder than any cannon shot. Immediately the camp was aroused with the cry, "The prisoner's loose!" Lanterns were lighted, and everyone started searching for him. It was in September, and, aware that if he ran, his movements could be heard and followed, he leaped from the fence into a field grown up thick with tall ironweed, and lay still. The search passed him by, and he made good his escape that time. But at another time he was taken prisoner, and sent to the Confederate prison at Andersonville, Georgia. Probably all the prisons of that war were bad, but Andersonville was notorious. Typhoid was rampant, and little effort was made to provide clean drinking water. It was during that time that a spring broke out within the prison stockade, which the prisoners took to be divine intervention in their behalf, an answer to the prayers of many. My father and I, with Ernest and George, visited Andersonville in the summer of 1923, and drank from that spring, still a vigorous stream of fine, clear water. I suppose it is flowing still. *[Ed. note - I, too, visited Andersonville in 2002, and it was still flowing then. - WBS]*

Neither of my grandfathers served in the civil war - Grandfather Swetnam was too old, Grandfather Stafford too young.

The name Patrick suggests Irish descent, and so does the striking blue-black hair

and blue eyes that my grandmother had, and which my father inherited; they have not yet appeared among his descendants. Grandmother must have been a vivid personality; she had a reputation for a ready wit and a sharp tongue. I remember her only as a querulous old woman, who lived to the age of 87, and was blind during her last years, probably due to cataracts. After one or two stillbirths, she gave birth on December 22, 1863, to a son, to whom was given the name WILLIAM WYLIE SWETNAM.

Note - I find that I have omitted a family tradition, which may have no foundation of fact, but which I think is worth preserving. It seems that the first Swetnam to come to Virginia from England came by chance, not by design. A ship was ready to sail with the morning tide, and the passengers, with their friends, had a farewell party on board the night before. Swetnam, according to this story, was at the party, had a bit too much to drink, and quietly passed out in some corner, where he was unobserved until the ship was too far out to sea to put back for him. It is interesting to speculate on the part that pure chance has had in our history.

"WILLIE, WILL, OR WILLIAM, BILLIE, BILL, OR BILLIAM"

My father's name was William Wiley, and, jokingly, he used to say that he could be called by any of the names above; and he often was, except the last. Whence the name of Wylie I never heard, though I seem to remember hearing the name of Wylie Patrick, but whether or not he was an ancestor I do not know. He was a vigorous and adventurous boy, climbing the tallest trees, swimming in dangerous waters. He was unusually fleet of foot, so that it was said, with no more than normal exaggeration, that there was not a buck running wild in the woods that could run as fast as Will Swetnam. He liked games, especially baseball; football had not become very popular in the circles in which he moved. I have heard him tell how on one occasion when he was catching, without a mask, he was fouled by a ball tipped by the batter, which struck him squarely in the eye. Fortunately, the bony structure around the eye, together with the elasticity of the eyeball itself, prevented any more serious injury than a severe "black eye." Even into middle age he still played baseball occasionally. I can remember the time when he was pitching in a game with schoolboys. A runner had taken a long lead off third base, confiding in inexperienced fielding; if the ball had been thrown to the base he would have tried to steal home. Dad got into a discussion with the catcher, during which he was surreptitiously edging nearer to the third base line. Suddenly he turned and ran toward the runner, who was unable to make his turn and get up speed enough to escape being tagged out, much to his chagrin.

Dad attended such schools as were available, and was a quick and eager student. I cannot remember hearing him talk much about his school days. I do seem to remember hearing him say that he began teaching when he was eighteen. In those days one could take an examination at the county seat, and if proved would be awarded a certificate to teach. This custom persisted even into the twentieth century; in 1928, I took such an examination at Newnan, Georgia and received a first grade to high school supervisory certificate. (But it was not long after that that state boards of education began to require a degree, or at least a certain number of hours of college credit for a certificate.) I know that in his young manhood Dad stayed for a time in Louisa; he may have gone to school there, though I do not remember ever hearing him say so. During this time he had a girlfriend named Pity, and after breaking up with her he went steady for a time with a girl named Florida Eaves. In the gossip column of the local paper appeared this line: "Will Swetnam, who has been looking with Pity on the town of Louisa, has now gone to Florida." I know, too, that he attended, for only one year I think, the National Normal University at Lebanon, Ohio, where he studied under the famous grammarian Dr. Holbrooke; but what year that was I do not know.

Dad was the eldest of four. Louisa Rebecca was born 10/17/1866. I have heard it said that she had a remarkably fine soprano voice, which, if she could have had proper training, might have taken her far; but opportunities for girls were limited. After completing four or five grades of school she gave herself to housework, at which she was very good. She once said, "I haven't got a lazy bone in my body - or a stingy one." She was strong and resourceful. Once in tightening the lid of a fruit jar she put on so much pressure that the jar broke in her hands. And once, when Uncle Joe had a cow which had become choked eating ear corn, she asked, "If I can save her, is she mine?" "Sure," he replied, "she's gone anyway." Aunt Lou then put a stirrup in the cow's mouth to hold it open, bared her arm to the shoulder, and rubbed grease on it, and reached down into the throat to where the ear had become lodged, turned it so that it would go down, and the cow was saved.

At eighteen or nineteen, Aunt Lou married Joe (?) McKinster, and bore him two children, May and Herbert, "Burt." May married a Bradley, had four children, and lived in Greenup County, Kentucky the last I heard. Burt served in World War I,

afterwards spent most of his life in Texas, but was brought back and buried in the cemetery on the hill at Blaine. If he had a family I have never heard of it.

Aunt Lou was separated from her husband - I seem to remember hearing that he abandoned her - and lived several years as a widow. During this time she was seduced, and bore a son out of wedlock, to whom was given the name Homer Swetnam. He was an unhappy child, who must have felt keenly the stigma of illegitimacy, and as a man he was misanthropic and unsuccessful, and alcohol was his only comfort. I don't think he ever married. He was about my age. I do not know if he is still living. Later, Aunt Lou married Rueben Ferguson, and bore him one son, Fred, about 1909. Fred lives in the house where I was born, (and where he was born.) He married Eliza Edwards, and they have seven children: Edgar A. (1940), John E. (1942, married Katherine Whitt,) Frances C., (1944, married M. Ronnie) Fred Jr., (1946, married Helen Moore) Freda M., (1954) Ruth E., (1957) and Carl L. (1958). Fred loves to sing, and I believe that I have heard that he is a lay preacher in the Christian Church, though he did not tell me so. When we visited there briefly in 1973, we got the impression that the family is well respected and moderately successful. Fred has been employed by the Ashland Oil Company.

One incident about Aunt Lou comes to memory. In those days the competition between denominations was very keen. Aunt Lou, of course, had been brought up Methodist, but the Christian church was making a strong effort to draw people from other churches, baptism by immersion being a point greatly stressed. In a revival Aunt Lou was "converted," and knowing that her mother would disapprove, she insisted on having the baptism that very night before returning home. I suppose she arranged a change of clothing somehow, but she rode home with her long hair wet from the baptism, and took a severe cold. Many people thought then that a purgative was the best treatment for cold, and she acted accordingly. Grandmother commented caustically, "Well, Lou went last night and had the filth wash off of the outside, and now she's takin' a quart of salts to get the filth washed out of the inside."

My memory of Aunt Lou is of an efficient, hardworking housekeeper, a wonderful cook, and a warm, loving person.

Joseph Thompson Swetnam was born December 5, 1868, which made him five years younger than Dad; but in young manhood that difference became less important. I know that for a time they were together in Louisa, probably staying at the home of their uncle. And I know that Uncle Joe studied law, and was admitted to the bar, and I think he must have practiced in Louisa for a time. Once or twice he ran for the office of County Attorney, but was defeated. He had a brilliant mind, and gave much promise of success; but somehow he always seemed to miss the best chances. Some time after his father died he went back to Blaine, and settled down to the life of a putterer, doing a little farming, practicing a little law, and spending much time sitting at the village store playing checkers.

Uncle Joe was hard to please in the matter of food, and his luck was that if a hair, or other foreign substance, was accidentally included in the food, it invariably ended up on his plate. Mother used to tell how, the first time that Uncle Joe was in their home for a meal, she had some jelly on the table. He said, "What kind of jelly is this, Flora?" "Apple jelly," she replied. He said, "I don't like apple jelly, I like plum jelly." The next time he was there for a meal, she remembered this, and was careful to have plum jelly on the table. The same question again: "What kind of jelly is this, Flora?" "Plum jelly." "I don't like plum jelly. I like grape jelly." This became a proverb in our family and when anyone complained about food we called him "Uncle Joe." But not withstanding such peculiarities, his companionship with my parents during the years they lived at Blaine meant a great deal to them. He had a fine tenor voice, and loved to sing. Dad sang bass, and

played the accordion, and they often sang together. One song that Uncle Joe was especially fond of, and that Mother loved, was "Saved by Grace;" and at George's suggestion, the song was included in the service at Mother's funeral, in memory of those days of happiness.

Uncle Joe did not marry until he was 47, then he married Lucy Thompson, who was 27. There were three children, Mildred, who was married and living somewhere in California the last I heard, but I do not know her husband's name; and two boys, Joe and Tom, who I think live somewhere in Ohio. Uncle Joe died about 1954, and peculiar to the last, stipulated that he was to be buried on the hillside back of the home place, not in the cemetery on the hilltop, and so he was. Aunt Lucy died in 1972.

Hamilton Swetnam was born August 10, 1871. He grew to be a big man, near six feet, and very strong, so that people said that a blow of his fist was equivalent to the kick of a mule. But I am not under the impression that he was ever much of a fighter - he seemed easy going, and kept much to himself. He dropped out of school early, and worked on the farm, carefully saving what he earned. He never married until late in life; there were no children, and his wife preceded him in death.

We know that Uncle Ham hoarded money; what we do not know is how much, or what happened to it. Fred Ferguson told me that when the government called in all the gold money in 1933, Uncle Ham gave him some gold to take to the bank - about \$400 as I recall, but Fred was convinced that that was only a small part of the gold that Uncle Ham had. Afterward he hoarded silver, especially half dollars. He had a trunk that he always kept locked, and nobody was allowed to look into it. Then, one day, the trunk was seen to be standing open - and on the same day several of Aunt Lou's half gallon fruit jars were found to be missing. Uncle Ham said nothing, but the family knew in reason that he had buried or hidden the money somewhere. A year or so after this, in 1943 I think it was, he suffered a stroke, and lived only a short time. He was unable to speak intelligibly, but the family thought he was trying to tell them where the money was at; but the information never got across, and to this day the money has not been found, or if it was found the secret was well kept.

Dad has said that he began teaching when he was eighteen. Perhaps it was in the Fall before his eighteenth birthday in December. Country schools ran from November or December through March, and often had an additional two months in July and August, after crops were laid in. Funds from the state or county were limited, and often the parents would chip in to complete the salary of the teacher, which might be as much as \$25 per month. In his first or second year of teaching, Dad boarded in the home of a physician, a Dr. Rice, who nursed him through a severe attack of typhoid. If we assume that he began teaching in the Fall of 1881, we may reasonably suppose that he taught two years before the year in college in Ohio, which would then be 1883 to 1884. Or it may have been the year after that.

And here is one of those caprices of destiny that appear now and then, and make us feel that surely the Divine Providence is back of many of our choices. For it must have been in the Fall of 1885, that Dad went to teach at Staffordsville [Kentucky], in the adjoining county of Johnson. How did it happen? Johnson county is south of Lawrence, and while there was always some communication between counties, one would expect the movement to be down the river, toward the great world, not up to the river, for the increasingly wild and mountainous area. But somehow it happened; he went to teach at Staffordsville, a little community three miles from Paintsville, the county seat. And his boarding place was in the home of one of the outstanding patrons of the school, my grandfather, Jesse Stafford.

Of my mother I will write in another chapter. But at this point I must comment on the significance of that year, and speculate about what it must have been like. Dad was 22 in December of 1885, Mother was twelve in January of 1886. A teacher is always drawn to a quick and eager pupil, and a twelve year old girl can take strong hold on a man's heart. What was it like, living in the home like a member of the family, conversing of hopes and dreams, and of the great world outside, and of books? Books! They were few and precious. Dad loved books, Scott, Dickens, Tennyson. Mother was the bookish one. Rose and Molly and "Dutch" cared little for books. Harry loved books, too, but he was small, not yet nine years old. (Dad shared a bed with Harry, and on one occasion Harry had the misfortune to wet the bed, and, already greatly ashamed, was humiliated to the depths when he was severely scolded by his bedfellow.) Mother was always a dreamer, and companionship in the home with an inspiring teacher, who was also a very attractive young man made a profound impression on her.

It must have been in the Spring of the 1886 that Dad went "out west" - to seek his fortune, we may assume. But he did not go just to the West. It may not have been on the same trip, but I have heard him tell of being in Philadelphia, and New York, but how long he stayed I do not know. He went to Chicago, and stayed there for a time. He got a job, working with a contractor who was moving a house. I have heard him tell of an incident in connection with this. It seems that in trying to take the house around the corner, it caught on the corner of a roof. The boss gave Dad a ladder and a hand saw, and told him to go up and saw off the offending corner. He started sawing, and the occupant of the house, who was Chinese, came out and protested volubly in Chinese. (Apparently the contractor had not bothered to ask permission.) How it all ended, I cannot remember.

I know that he went from Chicago to Saint Louis on the Wabash Railroad. And I know that he lived for a time in Kansas. He worked in the wheat harvest, and also worked for a while at building a railroad. During this time he had as a companion a Kentuckian, Mart Young, but whether they went west together, or met up by chance in that country I have never heard, or have forgotten. In railroad construction, the transportation of the men from their camp to the point of the actual construction was by handcar, a vehicle that ran on the rails, and was propelled by two or more men, by moving up and down the handles that were connected by gears to the wheels. After a long day's work on the track, it was a weary business pumping the handcar several miles back to the camp. One day, at quitting time, there was a work train that had brought a supply of materials to the construction point and was ready to return. Dad and Mart Young decided to try to hold to the back end of the train and get an easy ride back to camp. There was nothing on the handcar to hold except the handlebar which of course would be moving rapidly up and down as the car was pulled behind the train. Dad and Mart were on the handcar, holding with one hand to the back of the train, with the other to the violently moving handlebar. The engineer of the train saw what they were doing, and resolved to give them a run for their money; he speeded up as much as safety allowed, perhaps more, and with the increased speed their position became more and more difficult to maintain. Finally, Dad shouted to Mart that he could not hold on any longer, but in the din Mart could not hear him, and Mart almost lost his footing when the connection was broken, but not quite. It must have been an exciting a ride while it lasted.

There were Indians living in the country where the railroad was being built. One of the men, who was known as John, often came around the camp of the workers, and when some blankets disappeared they were certain that John was the one responsible for the theft. When he came around again, Mart said to him "You're the s.o.b. that stole our blankets." "Cowen no s.o.b.," John replied, "You s.o.b." That was enough for Mart, who sailed into him, and gave him a thorough beating in the best Kentucky manner. The following night, John, or somebody, brought the blankets

back, but they were so dirty and infested with lice that they burned them. Dad's fastidious nature was revolted at the filthy conditions under which Indians lived. Mart was less squeamish, and used to visit the Indian girls; but Dad said, and I believe him, that he never went in for that.

Life on the prairie had its points. Prairie chickens were abundant, and very good eating. The buffalo were gone, but buffalo "chips" were still plentiful to use for campfires, and buffalo bones were everywhere. After the railroad was built, people began gathering the bones, and sending them by carloads back east, where they were made it into fertilizer. The Indians used to polish the buffalo horns, and sell them to tourists.

I don't know how long the Kansas experience lasted, but I do know that he went to North Dakota, then a territory; it was admitted as a state in November, 1889. The Great Northern Railway was completed across the northern part of North Dakota in 1887, and settlers began to flock in, to take up the free land offered. Dad was one of those. He took out a claim, I never heard him say just where, but he described it as 160 acres of fine, level land, not a tree, stick nor stone on it. Since he spoke of the Red River, and of Devils Lake, it must have been in northeastern North Dakota. According to the Homestead Law, a claimant had to stay with the claim five years, living on it at least six months of each year. Dad said he stayed a year and a half, living in the summer months in a sod shanty. What he did the rest of the time I do not know, but apparently he had a job of some kind, for I remember hearing him say that he often worked all day long, outdoors, when the thermometer was at 30 below zero.

And it would seem that Mart was still with him. He has told the story about the time that he and Mart were duck hunting on the bank of a lake. As they lay quietly on a little ridge, waiting for the ducks to come in range, a wolf, which no doubt also had ducks on his mind, came slipping along the shore in front of them. Dad fired both barrels, and the recoil sent him rolling down the bank. He called out, "Did I kill him?" "Kill, hell!" Mart replied, "He never moved." Dad had the pelt tanned and made into a rug, which he kept for many years, but before I got old enough to notice, it had become moth-eaten and was thrown away.

He also used to tell about the time when he and another man, maybe Mart, spent some time in winter, camping in a shanty near Devil's Lake. They fished through the ice, using a bit of red flannel as a lure, and caught numerous pickerel, which were thrown out on the ice, and were frozen in a short time. Back at the cabin, they would scale the fish by shaving off the outside like bark on a stick, chop them open with a hatchet to remove the guts, and put them in the hot grease still frozen. I have also heard him speak in glowing terms of the bass fishing in the lakes of North Dakota and Minnesota.

Dad was short of stature, hardly five feet six, but very broad in the shoulders, and his collar size was sixteen and a half. He was considered a very strong man. Grandfather Stafford's comment on him was, "Will's pony built - work will never hurt him." Out in the West especially, he moved in rough company, and must have had some fighting to do, though I cannot remember him talk much about it. One story that I recall is of a time when he was in a pool room, and was attacked by four Danes, probably all of them much larger than him. But he was quick and resourceful. Dodging quickly around the table, he broke a cue, and using the heavy end as a club, felled the four in succession.

The winter of 1889 - 90, or '88 - '89, was unusually severe. A man whom Dad knew left the settlement for his farm home in a wagon, was lost in a blizzard, and never got home. After the storm was over, Dad was in the party that searched for him and

found him. He had unhitched the horses from the wagon, got them to lie down, and he laid down between them, hoping thus to preserve his life. But he and the horses were frozen to death. The thermometer reached 53 below zero in that storm, and Dad decided that he had had enough of North Dakota, and in the Spring or Summer of 1890, he went back to Kentucky.

He had another motive. Through the years of his wanderings he had kept up a correspondence with his erstwhile pupil, Florence Stafford. None of those letters have been preserved, so far as I know; it would be interesting to see them. In those days, courtships were supposed to be rather subtle; and there was supposed to be in existence a code of signals, whereby delicate shades of interest or affection might be conveyed subtly by the position in which the stamp was placed on the envelope. Whether such a coded really existed I cannot say; but they both believed it existed, though neither of them knew it. And so each of them placed the stamp or stamps in every conceivable position, and both were mystified. But they kept in touch, and no doubt this attraction was a principle reason for his abandoning his claim and going back to Kentucky.

And so, in the Fall of 1890, he was back at Staffordsville, and Flora, now nearing seventeen years of age, was his pupil again. The romance developed rapidly, and on November 22, 1890, they were married in a quiet ceremony at home, by the Reverend Thomas Williams, uncle of the bride.

STAFFORDSVILLE

One of the principle tributaries of the Levisa Fork of Sandy River is Paint Creek, and at their confluence stands the town of Paintsville, county seat of Johnson County, Kentucky. About three miles above Paint Creek is the settlement still known as Staffordsville. The country thereabouts is rugged, though not so wildly mountainous as that farther south; but the hills are high and steep, the valleys narrow. The soil, though rocky, is surprisingly fertile. The original forests had magnificent stands of hardwood and yellow popular. To this area, to which his name was to be attached, came, probably in the 1820s, John Stafford with his wife Calista Nott, and perhaps some of their family of six sons and six daughters, the eldest of whom was born in 1825. Our meager records say that they came from Giles County, Virginia, and looking at the map we see that there were a lot of mountains to be crossed, and we wonder how they happened on that particular spot in which to settle.

The records say a little more. They say that John Stafford was born December 15, 1804; that he was the son of James Stafford, who, with brothers, John and Ralph, came from Staffordshire, England; and that his mother's name may have been Abigail Dorrs. And they say that he married Calista Nott, of Orange County, New York. He must have been about twenty years old at the time. How, one wonders, did they happen to go to Giles County, Virginia; how long did they stay there; and what urge drove them on into the wilderness (as it must have been then) of Johnson County, Kentucky?

One other record tells a little about Calista Nott. (She had an Aunt Calista too, also a granddaughter Calista, who died in early childhood. Calista is a nice name; it would be good to see it reappear in the family). Her grandfather, John Nott, with Eunice, his wife, and children, Calista, Irene, Minerva, Jesse, Aaron, and Acel, came from England. Their youngest, Arbuth Nott, was born in Vermont, May 15, 1790. Arbuth became a musician - a fiddler, we may guess - and when he was eighteen years old he was playing at a ball and met young Laura Schofield who was an orphan, raised by Josiah Allen, who is supposed to be a brother of Ethan Allen. On a sudden impulse, they eloped from the ball, and were married. Calista, their first child, was born in Orange County, New York, May 15, 1809, and their second, Irene, was also born in Orange County, April 10, 1813. But the third child, William Henry Harrison Nott, was born in Ohio, as were three more after him - Samuel Putnam, Lucina Allen, Russell B. (Laura died in Kentucky, April 10, 1829, and afterward Arbuth went back to Ohio, married a widow, Mrs. Lydia Chidester, near Bucyrus, Ohio, and had six more children by her.) Russell was tomahawked by the Indians, and suffered a brain injury which left him subject to sudden outbreaks of insanity, when he might make an attempt on the life of someone in the family. He never married, but lived with one or another in the family, and most of the time he was tractable. On one occasion he was staying with his niece, Lydia Estep, my grandfather's younger sister. As she was born in 1855, this must have happened as late as 1880. Lydia was ironing on the back porch on a summer day, and her toddler child was playing nearby. "Uncle Russ" was suddenly seized by one of his fits of violence, he grabbed the child, and held her over an open well, saying, "Look Liddie, I'm going to drop her in!" Lydia knew well enough to know that if she screamed or tried to oppose him he might well do as he had threatened, but that if she paid no attention he might not harm the child. She continued her ironing, singing the while, and presently, after repeated threats had produced no reaction, he set the child down and walked away. In all the stories of iron nerve among my ancestors I can find few to equal this one.

Not much is known about the movements of the three Stafford brothers who came from England, but a family tradition says that one remained in the New York area; one

(James) settled in Virginia, and one went farther south, possibly to Georgia. At least our records say that John Stafford lived in Giles County, Virginia. Apparently the Nott family had moved from Orange County, New York, to Ohio (where in Ohio?), and it is not difficult to imagine that in that time when many people were settling in Ohio the young John Stafford went down the New River to Kanawha, and on to the Ohio, and that somewhere among the new settlements he met up with Calista Nott and married her. With all the new country in Ohio opening up, it is hard to see why he would go up Big Sandy into the hill country to settle, but apparently that is what he did; and he seems to have prospered pretty well there, and raised the numerous family already mentioned. Lydia, the youngest child, was born in August, 1855.

Their children were: James, born 3/21/1825, Ralph, 9/6/1827, William, 12/25/1829, Jane (Dixon) 2/15/1832, Irena (Porter) (Mahan), 3/5/1834, Lucina (Woods) 7/12/1836, Francis Marion (Uncle Bud) 11/15/1838, Melissa (Williams) 7/8/1841, Thomas, 6/14/1843 (killed in the Civil War), Mary (Rule) 6/13/1845, JESSE, 12/30/1849, and Lydia (Estep) 8/20/1855.

The only ones of these, aside from my grandfather, that I remember at all personally are Uncle Jim and Aunt Mary. I remember vaguely that our family ate supper at Aunt Mary's sometime in 1907 or 1908, and that part of the supper was honey fresh from the hive. And Mary's husband was Green(e) Rule, and I remember attending his funeral, in 1908 I think. At that time he was 82, and blind, and pretty feeble. I recall that I was given some homemade maple sugar there.

But I remember a few of the many things mother used to tell us about her people. I regret that I never thought of writing this story until long after her death, and my recollection of what I heard may not be accurate. Uncle Jim probably had a large family, but I recall the names of only three of his children, Harry B., not to be confused with mother's brother Harry G., Sonny, (probably James) and Tallahassee, known as Tallie. Tallie was about mother's age, and they were playmates in childhood, though mother considered Tallie very silly. She married a man known as "Doc" Roberts, not a doctor, I feel sure. Whatever else he was, he was an alcoholic, and living with him must have been a great trial. On one of his numerous binges, he was brought home in a serious condition, and the doctor in attendance feared for his life. Tallie, in another room, was saying over and over, "I hope to God he'll die! I hope to God he'll die!" Then somebody came to tell her that he really had died. Then her tune changed entirely - "Oh, he was such a good husband! Oh, he was such a good provider!" etc. Well...

In my boyhood, Harry B. was held up before me as the perfect example of all that a young man ought NOT to be. Apparently, like Childe Harold, he

*"... with nothing did agree
But concubines and carnal companie,
And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree."*

He once said to my grandmother, "Aunt Ann, I'd rather live like I want to, for 35 or 40 years and die and go to Hell, than to live like you and Uncle Jess." Another saying of his was, when asked whether he knew how to play some game, "No, but if there's anything mean about it, I can learn it." Harry B. went down into the Bluegrass region, and found a wife, whom he brought back to his father's house. She had only contempt for the living conditions in the mountain home, and refused to assist in the housework, saying "I'll just let you know I don't have to sweep out the dirt I bring in." Uncle Jim, who was already blind at that time, exclaimed "Don't want no more of your bluegrass! Don't want no more of your bluegrass! Give me sagegrass, sawgrass, any kind of grass! La, la, Harry, you'd a lot better have

married one of your own country girls." Harry replied sadly, "I know it, Pap." This wife also was unwilling to have children and seems to have had some effective technique for producing abortions, for she had several. On one of these occasions, when the fetus had passed, the serving woman, as she carried it out in the chamber pot said to her, "You'll face 'em on the Judgment Day, my lady." Her reply was, "I'd rather face 'em there than face 'em here."

It seems that Sonny was not much more to be admired than Harry B., nor much more successful in marriage. He was married and divorced twice, and is said to have seduced his second wife's grandmother. But on the third try he got a woman who was described as a "fire-eater," who made him toe the mark, and pay for all his past sins.

Aunt Melissa married Thomas Williams, who was a minister (of the Christian Church, I think) in addition to being a farmer. They had a large family, but I recall the names of the only two sons, (Henry) Clay and Powell. Uncle Thomas was a great tobacco chewer, and when the fire was going in the fireplace, that was the place to spit. But with many gathered close around the fire, it was necessary to give a warning, and apparently Powell was the one most often in the way, so that he developed the habit of saying, as he was starting to spit, "Gouway, Powell." ("Get out of the way, Powell.") That saying became a part of our family lore, and whenever anyone was in the way of any movement, we would say, "Gouway, Powell." When we lived on Mudlick Creek, 1907 to 1908, Clay Williams lived on farther up the creek, and I remember spending the day at his home one Sunday. He had two little girls, Inez and Olive, whom I admired very much. In fact, I think Olive was the first girl I ever thought of as a sweetheart. There were some boys, too, but they were older, and I did not get to know them very well. They lived too far for us to play together, but we used to see them at church. (When we visited Paintsville in the summer of 1973, we called on my cousin, Annie Spradlin Williams, and I asked her about the Clay Williams family. She did not even seem to know whom I was talking about.)

My grandfather, Jesse Stafford (since he had no middle name he was often referred to as "Jesse Flat") was next to the youngest of that large family. His mother died when he was small, and he seems to have been passed around, or kicked around, among various of his elder brothers and sisters, and must have had a hard time in growing up. Certainly he had very little schooling, but he had a quick mind, and in adult life was always eager to learn, especially anything that would be useful in business, such as how to measure timber and how to figure interest. He was of middle height, slender, and in adult life always wore a beard. He was quick and energetic, shrewd and resourceful. He had no time or inclination for sports -- getting on in the world was the thing that obsessed him. He never used tobacco, but loved his dram, though he never drank to excess. He used to excuse himself for taking a drink, saying that after all it was a much less objectionable habit than that of chewing tobacco. He must have been careful of his personal appearance, for it is told that when he came courting the girl who became my grandmother, her stepfather looked the young man over and said to her after he had gone, "Take him if you can get him, Annie; his fingernails are clean."

At this point, let me insert a paragraph from the book BIG SANDY VALLEY, by William Ely, page 92, concerning the Staffords:

The Staffords, constituting the large and influential house of that name living principally in Johnson, came from Giles County, Virginia, in 1808, and settled in what is now Johnson County. They have ever been noted for their industry and thrift. Many of the Staffords are wealthy farmers and traders, and stand well in their community. They are Democrats, as a rule; Methodists and Christians. John

Stafford, of the White House Shoals, was a man of great wealth and prominence in his day. He raised a large family of sprightly daughters, who became wives of the finest young men of the valley. He was a distinguished old time Methodist, the Stafford mansion being a great stand for the early itinerant preachers, who preached in the house.

Note - if that date of 1808 is correct, then it must have been John Stafford's father, not young John himself, who first came to Staffordsville.

When Jesse Stafford was only sixteen years old, he became the father of a son, William, by a woman of loose morals. Apparently there was no doubt of the paternity. When Will was perhaps five or six years old, after my grandparents were married, his mother brought him to their place, probably after Grandfather had begun to operate a store. (Apparently it was business, rather than a social, visit.) Grandmother saw the child, and already knew about the paternity, and noted that he was not being well cared for. She asked for the custody of the child; the mother wanted some sort of compensation, and a bargain was struck, whereby a fine rooster was given in exchange for him. He was given the Stafford name, and was brought up in the home, with no less affection than the other children.

On November 1, 1868, when he was not quite nineteen, and possessed little more than the shirt on his back, Jesse Stafford was married to Georgia Anna Turner. Eight months and six days later was born their first child, Calista - there is that name again - who unfortunately lived to be only about five years old.

George Ann, as she was generally called, was the daughter of George Turner and Rachel Pelphrey, born May 31, 1849. George was seventh of the eleven children of James Turner and Annie Waller: E. Suddith (Uncle Sud) married Nancy Rule, Martha (Stambaugh), Mary (Vaughn), Priscilla (Rule), Joseph, m. Mary Collins, Samuel, m. Cynthia Ellen Rule, GEORGE, Rachel, (Aunt Sis) Fox, Isaac Redmond (Uncle Doctor), John, m. Francis Lyons, Nancy K. (Vanhooose). George and Rachel had two children, Eleazer Washington (Uncle Wash) and George Ann. George fell from a raft and was drowned before George Ann was born. Rachel married a Mackenzie, a good man, kind to his stepchildren.

Uncle Doctor, born in 1837, practiced medicine in and around Paintsville for many years before his death in 1920. He was widely known and universally respected, and many were the stories told of him. The only one I can recall is of the time when he was delivering a baby in rather difficult circumstances, and had, as his only helper, a woman who had the reputation of always fainting at the sight of blood. At the crucial moment, when Uncle Doctor saw her beginning to turn pale, he slapped her face vigorously, saying, "I dare you to faint!" Her anger was so great that she could not faint.

Uncle Wash settled in Ashland, got into real estate and other business activities and was quite successful. I remember that we visited him in his home for a few days when I was six years old. There were four children there, ranging from teens to about my age, Ernest, Harry, Rachel, and Dorothy (Dot). I think they must have been Uncle Wash's grandchildren, as he was 60 years old then. I remember vividly that we children amused ourselves by playing with a single barrel shotgun, dropping a marble into the muzzle, then cocking the gun and pulling the trigger, the blow of the firing pin sending the marble flying. I wonder if it ruined the gun.

During the Civil War, that part of Kentucky, generally anti-slavery, was occasionally overrun by guerrilla bands, who called themselves Rebels, but must have been little better than bandits. In the early summer of 1863, when George Ann was just fourteen, she was plowing, trying to get in a crop, so that there would be

food in that difficult time. (Where was her stepfather? Gone to war? I never heard. And where was Uncle Wash, then seventeen?) At any rate, she was plowing, when a man came riding by, at breakneck speed, crying "Hide your horse! The rebels are coming!" Quickly, she unhitched the horse from the plow, jumped on his back, and started for the woods at a run. On the way the horse stumbled and fell, and she was thrown over his head, and landed on rock, crushing her kneecap. But she remounted it, got the horse hidden in the woods, and saved him from confiscation. She always limped a little from that injury, and in her old age had to use a cane.

She must have been sprightly indeed in her youth, petite, with snapping black eyes, and an incomparable grace of movement, in spite of the slight limp. Once, when she was well on in middle life, the young people in the home where trying to do a country dance to the accompaniment of a song:

Oh, Charlie was a fine young man,
And Charlie was a dandy...

(Dancing was a sin; Charlie was only a game.) The young people were clumsy in executing the figures. Uncle Doctor happen to be there, and he endured their awkwardness as long as he could, then turned to Grandmother and said, "Let's show 'em how to do it, Annie", and the two of them went through the figures with a grace and speed that left all of them marveling.

Also, to get a little ahead of the story, she was a most efficient housekeeper, and could turn out work faster than anybody around here. All her daughters became excellent housewives - I thought my mother was very good; but Grandmother thought she was unendurably slow. And she was intensely practical. On rare occasions enough fresh fish would be taken from the creek to make a mess for a large family. Small children have difficulty, not to mention an element of danger, in eating bony fish. But it would be a waste of time to pick the fish off the bones for the little ones; Grandmother would take some pieces of ham, roll them in meal, and fry them along with the fish. Then she would ask the smallest children, "Don't you want a piece of the catfish without any bones in it?" Of course the child would agree - few people ever dared to disagree with her - and would eat the ham, never suspecting that he was missing anything.

Besides knowing all the edible wild plants of the region, she also knew many medicinal herbs and roots, and other home remedies, and was much in demand where ever sickness occurred, especially at childbirth. She well knew the properties of Ergot to stimulate contractions of the uterus, but she did not need to go to the drugstore for it. She kept on hand a supply of "blasted rye," rye attacked by the fungus *Claviceps Purpurea*, and knew how to make a brew of it in the needed strength and quantity.

In addition to her many other gifts, she was prescient - not uniformly so, but numerous instances of it have been told, of which I can remember only this one. She had a dream one night, of a man who rode on a white horse, and came to hail at the gate, bringing bad news. She told it to Grandfather on waking, and he laughed at it. There was an old man in the community named Bill Collins, who was considered to be half crazy, and who claimed to have visions. As they joined the rest of the family in the morning, Grandfather was laughing, and saying, "Bill Collins has had another vision." She thought it was serious and did not like to have it laughed at. That night as they all sat around the fire, there came a hail at the gate. Without moving out of her chair, Grandmother said, "It's the man on the white horse." It was indeed a man on a white horse, and he brought the news that their nephew, Tom Stafford, had been stabbed to death in a drunken brawl.

But to get back to the starting point, when they married they had very little of anything. One of the first businesses that they got into was a tavern, at Flat Gap, a sort of halfway point between Paintsville and West Liberty, in Morgan county. There were laws for the licensing of taverns, one of which was that the accommodations should include featherbeds. They had one, a gift from their mother; the other mattresses were stuffed with corn shucks. The inspector was friendly. "Have you got a featherbed, Jess?" he asked. Grandfather proudly pointed out their one and only. He made no further inspection, and when called upon for his report, the inspector said, "All I felt of were featherbeds." Probably the authorities were not too strict either; anyway, the license was issued. They had no stove, but on election day, Grandmother cooked on the open fireplace and served 42 dinners at 10¢ each, and was able to buy her first stove for \$4.

As soon as he began to get a little capital, Grandfather bought out the store at Staffordsville from his brother, Jim. Their natural business acumen and diligence paid off, and he prospered so well that the brother rued his bargain, and put up another store in opposition, right across the road. Competition was keen. "Come to our store, we're old and reliable," said Uncle Jim to prospective customers. "Try us," Grandfather said, "We're new and reliable." The younger man won out, and Uncle Jim closed his store. But apparently the rivalry was friendly, for soon the two brothers were partners in establishing a watermill on the creek. This was a very successful business, and Grandfather began to get ahead. He decided to buy his brother out, and paid \$1500 for the partnership.

Right after that came a disastrous flood, and the mill was washed away. It was a flood of epic proportions, and it must have been in the Spring of 1883 or 1884. There was a veritable cloudburst, accompanied by such an electrical storm as none of the witnesses had ever seen before. From some remote mountain lore, Grandmother had heard that a house might be protected against lightning by placing a churn, half filled with water, in the fireplace. She tried this, and my mother, who was then old enough to observe and was generally accurate in her recollection of events, insisted that during the stormy night, the churn was broken, and the water spilled all over the floor. Whether or not this was due to lightning I cannot say; this is the way she told it.

They saw the mill flow down the creek, and the water was already up all around the house. They felt that if the dam went, the house would certainly go, and were ready, at a minute's notice, to go out the back and take to the hills. But the dam held, the house stayed, and the flood went down at last. Then they set to work to rebuild the mill. It was not complete until Fall, and in the long, dry Summer supplies of flour and meal ran short. This must have been before the railroad was built to Paintsville, when heavy freight came by boat, when the water was high enough - and by flatboat up to Staffordsville. (I remember that when we visited there in the summer of 1916, the wreck of one of those flatboats was still there, turn crosswise the creek, where it served for a foot bridge at low water.) Near the end of the summer, in order to have bread at all, it was necessary to resort to "gritted bread," bread, made by grating corn not yet hard enough to grind. How good was the sound of the first operation of the new mill! And it had new equipment, suitable for making white flour of good quality. So the mill prospered, and the store prospered, and Grandfather continued to be successful in all his business ventures. He bought and sold cattle, and bought up small farms as they became available. But he especially he bought up stumpage rights for the magnificent stands of timber along the creeks, and employed men to cut it, and have the logs rolled to the creek banks, ready to flow down when the water was high enough. These men knew their jobs, and when the floodwaters came they must drop everything else, and get the logs into the water, and accompany them down the creeks and branches, until they were gathered by a boom at the mouth of Paint Creek, whence they could

be sent to the markets eager for timber. Mother has told us of these drives, when a group of men would arrive at Staffordsville, far in the night, wet and cold, to stop for refreshment before continuing on the weary miles to the boom. These were loyal men, and nothing was spared for their comfort. Hams were cut; quantities of eggs, taken in trade, were brought from the store, the girls were routed out to help, and pan after pan of hot biscuits and pots of hot coffee were set before the tired, cold, hungry man. This was part of the life of those days.

But part of the timber had a more immediate use. A saw mill was added to the milling operation, and shortly after the rebuilding of the mill, plans were made for a new house, befitting the increased family and increased prosperity. This time the house was set well back from the creek, on higher ground, safe from any possible flood danger. Here the family grew and prospered. This is the house that I remember from my visit there in the Summer of 1916.

My grandparents were members of the Christian church, and strong believers in its doctrine, but I do not remember that they were ever very active in church work, or even very regular in attendance. Grandmother used to read the Bible a good deal, especially in her later years, and was personally devout.

About 1920, they moved into Paintsville, and Grandfather gradually transferred all his investments to rental housing. At the time of his death in 1935, he owned twenty-odd houses, and it was considered to be a very good estate. According to the terms of his will, two of his sons were appointed executives without bond, but the estate was not to be divided until Grandmother's death. She lived on until early in 1951, passing the century mark by a few months. All the many heirs felt that in the sixteen good years the estate should have increased substantially in value, but when it was finally divided, all were disappointed, as it seemed to have gone down, instead of increasing.

Some time after moving to Paintsville, they sold the house at Staffordsville, to somebody outside the family, and all the children were sorry to see it pass from the family. It may well have been a good move, however, for when the highway came through, it passed behind the house, farther up the hillside, which must have decreased the value substantially. When we passed by there in the Summer of 1973, I looked, and could not see it - I do not know if it is still standing. But it was a noble house, and Grandmother used to spend much time and effort keeping the yard beautiful with flowers, dahlias and tiger lilies being special favorites. For more than 30 years it was the center of family life. At home we used to have an 8 X 10 photograph of it, mounted on a card, and across the top of the card Mother had written, "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood."

Sometimes, when a young man marries, he finds it difficult to accept his new responsibilities, and to forsake liberties he had before marriage. Not long before the first child was born, Grandfather so far forgot himself as to go to a wild party, such as doubtless he had occasionally attended before marriage. Somehow Grandmother found out where he was, and, great with child as she was, she mounted a horse and went to the place, walked in and confronted him in the midst of the revelry. He submitted meekly, awakening at last to the fact that he was no longer a boy, but a man, with new responsibilities. As they rode home, the only excuse he could think of, or apology, was to say, over and over, "Old woman, take my knife and cut my throat." Grandmother rode on instead in silence. Strong willed people are often lacking in consideration for other people's feelings. She told the story afterwards, and laughed about it; perhaps in later years, he even got to where he could laugh about it, too. But that was the end of his partying.

"Intrepid" seems like an appropriate word to describe Grandma Stafford. But even the strongest spirits sometimes quail in the face of increased problems. In the Spring of 1873, when she discovered that she was pregnant for the fourth time, with the eldest child not yet four years old, she felt, as she afterward confessed, that another child so soon was more than she could endure, and resolved to effect a miscarriage if possible. She went to the barnyard fence, climbed to the top and jumped down, then repeated this act over and over, knowing that even a lesser strain than this had been known to cause a miscarriage. But it was all to no purpose; the stubborn fetus refused to be dislodged. And I, with many others, have reason to be thankful for it, for the child born in January 14, 1874, was given the name Flora May, and grew up to become my mother.

FLORA MAY, JESSIE STAY

When she was about three years old, and people used to tease her by calling her that; and she, very positive even at that tender age, would respond "I'm Flora May Stafford, Jesse Stafford, George Ann Stafford, Aunt Liddie and Uncle Wash!"

She was born January 14, 1874, the fourth daughter to a man who was crazy to have a son. There would still be another daughter before the son. She was petite, and had a good many childhood illnesses, but must have been tough and resilient to survive at all. Unwanted to begin with it, as related in the preceding chapter, and a disappointment because she was not a boy, and with another sister coming before she was two years old, she must have had little of special attention. Her terribly efficient mother could be rather heartless. She told of one time when she was small, but old enough to remember, when she and a sister were sleeping in the same room with the parents. She woke in the night with an urgent need, and in pitch darkness was groping around, trying to find the chamber pot, and stumbled over something and fell, the fall breaking the last of her resistance. A bucket of water was kept in the room against any need that might arise, and Grandfather, half waking, called out, "Has she spilled the water?" Grandmother, fully awake, said acidly, "I think, from the sound, that she must have"; but made no effort to get up and find dry clothes for the child, who wet and cold and miserable, crept back into bed to cry herself to sleep. She told also of the Christmas morning when her mother, who must also have been tired of Santa Claus nonsense, called the children together and brusquely told them, "Santa Claus is dead. From here on, any presents you get will be from your parents." And I have the feeling that there were not many presents, nor very much tenderness.

Where did they get the name? I never heard. The first child was Calista, for her grandmother, but whereas in the Stafford and Turner and Nott families the same names appear over and over, in this family none of the girls after the first had a name that had been known in the family before. Did Grandmother read books, and find names that were attractive to her? We do not think of her as a reader, but after all we know very little about her. -- NOTE -- I see that I am in error. One of the girls, Lucina, did have a family name.

The first child, Calista, died at about five years old. I seem to have a vague recollection that the cause of death was diphtheria, or membranous croup, as it was called in those days.

Next was Rose Ella, born October 7, 1870. In her childhood she was sometimes known to walk in her sleep. On one occasion - she may have been eleven or twelve - got out of bed and walked about the room, picked up a chair and put it under the bed, apparently thinking she was putting something in the oven. There must have been some light in the room, maybe from the moon. Grandmother, always quick to wake, spoke out and said, "What are you doing, Rose?" She replied, "Getting supper;" but her own voice woke her, and giving a yell, she jumped back into bed.

Rose married John Spradlin, a staid, hardworking farmer. Their four children were:

Annie, who married Oscar Williams, and outlived him. She was living alone in Paintsville when we visited her in 1973. (Annie was born October 31, 1890.) They had six children - Oscar, Jr., who married Mary Thompson; Lilian M., who married Harry Neele, Bob, who married an Allen; Anna B., who married Charles Adams; Lora M., who died in childhood; and John P., who married N. Blevins, in Lexington or Mount Sterling, I think she said. She was careful to say she was not one of the Johnson county Blevinses, who were not very highly thought of.

Frank, who was born in 1892, walked in his father's footsteps. I failed to get the details of his family.

Vivian, born about 1898, married Bruce Wiley, a successful automobile dealer of Paintsville, and active Methodist layman. They had one daughter, Rose, who married a Chandler, and had two children, a daughter, Mrs. James Martin, and a son, George Archer.

Fanny Fern, born in 1900, married a Conley, and had sons, Quentin and Billy. At last count she was living at Van Lear, south of Paintsville.

When we lived at Mudlick, April, 1907 - October, 1908, Aunt Rose lived about a half mile from us, up the creek, and on the other side. Vivian and Fanny were our constant playmates, and we waded the creek and roamed the hills, gathering mountain tea and other delicacies. Ernest, Shirley and I went to the Needmore school, a one teacher country school about two miles down the creek, and on the other side. Only Ernest, being a big boy (15) did not walk with Shirley and me, but with his friend, Everett Conley. I can't remember Vivian and Fanny going there, I think they went to another school, up the creek. - as I write, the name Laurel School comes to mind. (In that area, rhododendron was called laurel; mountain laurel was called ivy). We walked to school, of course, though sometimes on rainy days Dad would take us on the horse, one in front of him, one behind. We crossed the creek on stepping stones at low water; when the creek was up we used a foot log. But once, when the creek rose rapidly while we were at school, and was too high to cross on the foot log, we spent the night at Aunt Rose's, the first time I had ever spent a night away from my parents. There were pickles on the table at supper. Mother did not approve of pickles; we never had them at home.

Aunt Rose is the only Aunt with whom I ever had any correspondence. I used to get letters from her occasionally until shortly before her death at 92.

Next was Mollie, born April 12, 1872. She married George Stapleton. All the Stapleton men wore mustaches, and were proud of their length. George had a brother who could tie the ends of his behind his head. They moved to Tennessee, somewhere in the Cumberland Plateau, it must have been. On Sunday she and George went to church, and after the service a woman, as a friendly overture, offered her a dip of snuff. Snuff was not much used in our part Kentucky - women who favored tobacco generally smoked pipes - and Aunt Mollie tried, unsuccessfully, to avoid showing her offense at the offer of the snuff. But the woman saw, and reacted. "I'll never take snuff before you again," she said; and turning to her husband, "Bill, gimme a chaw o'tobaccer."

I don't know how long they stayed in Tennessee, not long, I think. And she did not stay long with George. I never heard the terms of the divorce. They had one son, Arthur, born in about 1891, who died in Wisconsin in 1967. Then she married Abe Littman, a Latvian Jew, who had fled his country to keep his brother from being drafted into the Russian army. The czarist government would not draft an only son; and since Abe had disappeared with no trace, his brother was saved from the draft. In those days of easy immigration, he came to America, and somehow found his way to Staffordsville. He was shrewd and hardworking, and his religion presented no problem, as he accepted the Christian faith, and they went into the Methodist church. He was unused to farming, but quick to learn. For a while they lived on a farm on Little Mudlick Creek, afterward they operated a dairy farm near Catlettsburg, Kentucky. In one of his first efforts at farming, as a sharecropper with Grandfather, he planted the field of oats, and not knowing how much seed to use, he planted about twice the normal amount, and the oats came up much too thick. Then came a late freeze, very severe, and other fields of oats were destroyed; but

Abe's too thick field was just thinned down to a proper stand, and he made a good crop. And harvest time, Grandfather said, "Well, Abe, where's my part?" And he replied, his English still not fully idiomatic, "Oh, mine Pa, your part did freeze out." And they had six girls - Mary, Clara, Jessie, Ethel, Florence, and Catherine. When we lived at Mudlick, and they at Little Mudlick, about three miles away, we visited occasionally, and we children played together. Mary was older, but the others, except the last, born in 1910, were near the ages of Shirley, George and me. Mary married a Bartram, and had one child, Frances, and died soon after the baby was born. Frances was brought up by the family, and at last account was living in Chicago. Clara, at last account, was living in Frankfort, Kentucky. Jesse married a Neider, and had one son, James. She lived in California. Florence married R. D. Smith, and had one daughter, whose name I was not given. Florence lived in the Cincinnati area at last account, as does the youngest, Catherine, or Kay, Brakefield.

Passing over our principle subject for the moment, the next sister was Gillian Beatrice, or Bentley, (later in life she insisted it was the latter) born September 29, 1875 - another disappointment for the man who was so eager to have a son. Naturally, the girls paired off - Rose and Molly, Flora and "Dutch," as she came to be called. And the fact that people often refer to them, not as Flora and Dutch, but as Dutch and Flora, suggests that she was the aggressive one. She was the type that makes sure of getting her own share however others may fare. She had a great-aunt, Elizabeth Turner Wheeler, who had the reputation in the family of being the most peculiar person known, and Dutch was said to resemble her. She played this up, and when people took exception to her conduct she would say, "Well, everybody says I'm just like Aunt Lizzie, and I just have to carry out the mean disposition I've got in me."

Schools where of short duration and scanty program; and Grandmother wanted the children to have as much instruction as possible. Therefore, she tried to reinforce them by having some lessons at home. The children had reading books, McGuffey's, perhaps; and in vacation time, when the girls had finished their chores and wanted to go play, she would say, "You'll have to read your lesson first." Most of the time no lesson had been assigned, and the children would select one according to their tastes. There was a little poem that began:

"Come, come, come, the summer now is here,
Come out among the flowers, and make some pretty bowers,"

And of course they knew it by heart. Whenever she could get by with it, Dutch would seize on that and dash through it; and if Grandmother was excessively busy she might accept that as a lesson. It was always worth a try.

Dutch married Wylie Franklin, and they went to live in West Liberty, Kentucky. They had five children: Earl, born about 1892 - he served in World War One, fought all through and never got a scratch, though once buried by a shell burst - and stayed in the Army as a career, retiring as colonel, and at last count living in Florida; Jesse, born about 1895; Durward, born about 1898; Nell, born about 1901; and Georgia Ann, born about 1903. During the two years that we lived at West Liberty we saw a great deal of them, and we younger children played together regularly while Ernest buddied with Earl. Jess, though older, played with us, and was a lot of fun. We used to stage wild west shows in our spacious barn, painting our faces (the boys) with pokeberry juice to be Indians, the girls generally being the audience for these shows.

Jess was overweight as a boy. I think he was rejected by the Army in World War I. When he was in his twenties he disappeared, completely, without a trace, and has never been heard of since. His mother was very demanding, and we suspected that he may have disappeared on purpose to get away from her, but we never knew.

Durward was two years older than I, but somehow we were in the same grade in school. He was large and strong for his age, and the "bully of the town" type. When he was ten years old, as he was when we went to West Liberty, he smoked a pipe, and could take as big a chew of tobacco as any man in town. He saved me many a fight when we came from the country and I was green and timid, and small for my age besides. "Dud," as we called him, let it be known among the gang that his cousin was not to be molested, and I have always been grateful to him. He had a troubled career. After serving in the Navy in World War I, he married, and had six children, all of whom, the last I heard, live in the area of Saint Petersburg, Florida. But he soon had some trouble about bad checks, and was in danger of being imprisoned for impersonating a naval officer, so he disappeared, too.

Nell married a lawyer, a widower much older than herself. She has been a widow since 1940, and has two sons, Chester and John Randolph Rose, and a daughter, Gerry Nell, who married a Morrison, and has one daughter, D'Rinda Rose, born about 1957. They live in Richmond, Kentucky.

Georgette Ann, whom we called "Georgie" when she was little, now prefers to use the name George Ann, like her grandmother. She married Ward B. Taylor, and at last count lived in Florida.

About 1915 or 1916, Dutch began to make changes in her life. First she left the Christian Church, and joined a Baptist Church that was recently organized in West Liberty. Then she left her husband, sued for divorce and got it, and after a time married a man named Joe Bailey. We never found out what his work was, a pitchman of some sort, or perhaps a shell game or card shark. For years Grandmother used to get letters from her, and pass them on to us, and every time from a different place. Apparently he made a living at whatever he did; they never seem to be in trouble; but they really got around. Finally he died, or she left him, and the last years of her life were spent with Nell. She died in 1959.

Then came the boy they had been waiting for - Harry Gordan. He was a very promising boy, and the apple of his father's eye. He was the only one in the family, except for his sister Flora, who cared much for books, but he loved them, and would gladly have gone to college. But his special desire was to study medicine. However, his father was so much obsessed with the idea of business, and making money, that he would not even hear of any other career for his son whom he worshiped. So Harry had to be a businessman, at which he was never successful nor happy. Harry lost the sight of one eye, he may have been about twelve at the time. His father hit his horse with a switch broken from a convenient tree, and a piece of the switch broke off and hit the boy in the eye, which became infected and was lost. It was always a great sorrow to him.

When Harry was a young man, he was a little wild, liked to drink and run around a bit. In the course of these activities he eloped with a girl named Stephenie Webb, called Fane, and they spent a night, or maybe a weekend, together. The girl was a minor, and both of them regretted the incident, but something had to be done about it. His lawyer persuaded Harry to offer her marriage in the presence of witnesses, convinced that she that she would refuse, and then he would be in the clear. But she did not refuse, and he had to go into a marriage neither of them wanted. It did not last long, but she bore a son, named Earl, who grew up to be a highly respected member of the Stafford clan. He lived in Ashland for many years, and had three

sons: Morris, of Ashland, Kentucky, Jesse, of Tampa, Florida, and George, of Springfield, Ohio.

Then Harry went to the Blue Grass, and found him a wife at Mount Sterling. We called her Aunt Bess; that is all I know about her name. And we children did not like her. They lived together many years, but had no children. Harry was running a grocery store in Paintsville. One day a little girl named Ruth, whose parents had died or abandoned her, was brought to the store. He took her home, and she was brought up as a daughter, though without legal adoption. After she was grown, Harry and Bess finally separated, and he married Ruth. He said it was the only real marriage he ever had, and certainly she was a good wife, loved and respected by all. They had two daughters, Barbara, (Mrs. James Webb, Columbia, South Carolina) and Dorothy (Mrs. J. Reid, Matthews, North Carolina); and two sons, one of whom died as a teenager, I believe, the other, Gordon, lived at Bridgeport, West Virginia, at last account.

Harry died in about 1960, I think. Ruth is still living and active. We had a very agreeable visit with her in the Summer of 1973. Harry was always very dear to my mother. When she was ambitious to write, he was the only one who gave her any encouragement. He furnished the money -- \$25 I think it was -- for a correspondence course in short story writing. Her one published book was dedicated to him.

Next came Ralph, no, before for him was a girl, Lucina, who lived only a year, dying of what was called "[summer complaint](#)," a digestive infection that accounted for many childhood deaths. Mother could remember this little one, and her plea for water, "Lottle," was the best she could say it, which had to be refused because the doctor said it would be fatal to give it to her. She died in August, 1880.

Ralph was born March 25, 1881. He was a brilliant boy, and probably had more schooling than any of the others. I believe he went to high school in Paintsville, or something approaching high school. He was the one with a head for business, and could have made a fortune, but his life was plagued with misfortune. When he was about fifteen, he developed tuberculosis in the bone of his leg, and finally had to have the leg amputated. The operation was done on the kitchen table -- nobody thought of the hospital. During all this time he suffered a good deal, and the only pain reliever available was whiskey. After his recovery, when he was able to enter into the expected activities of the youth, he began to drink heavily, and drink was a problem in his life from then on. He ran a store for a while, then got into life insurance, and later into oil, and showed a real talent for business, which was, unfortunately, offset by the many foolish things he did while on drunken sprees. Later in life he was able to break away from this habit, but too late to rebuild the fortune that had been thrown away. He married Mollie Higgins, and that was the best move he ever made. She was unbelievably patient and loving through all his excesses. Of all our aunts by marriage, she was the one we loved the most. They had a son, Howard, a very promising boy, who died as a teenager, of pneumonia I think; a daughter, Geraldine, who was retarded, and died in early adulthood; and the only one to grow up was Roberta, now Mrs. George Kesterson, living in a Madisonville, Kentucky, far from the rest of the clan. At last accounts Mollie, in her eighties, was living with Roberta.

Next was Clara Elizabeth, born December 11, 1883. I cannot remember ever hearing much about her childhood and youth. She married Sanford Stapleton, no kin to George Stapleton, Mollie's first husband, and they went to Idaho to live. If I ever heard how that happened I have forgotten. Sanford was a wheat farmer, and quite successful. They had four children, Audrey, Harold, Agatha, and Opal. Agatha is now Mrs. Garlin Farris, and lives in Nezperce, Idaho. Harold also lives

in Nezperce; his wife's name is Hilla. That is all I know about them. Clara died in 1936.

And last was John Jesse, born August 9, 1886. He too engaged in business, buying and selling cattle, real estate, and other things I suppose, but was not outstandingly successful. He married a woman named Grace, and they lived together many years, but had no children. Finally, they broke up, and he married Katherine, known as Katie, whom I never met. She was very dear to him, and seems to have been a kind of person, loved by all the family. Still no children. In August, 1973, we visited him in Grayson, Kentucky, where he was living alone in a trailer. Katie was in the hospital, near death; died soon after our visit. He was lonely, but remarkably spry at 87, and the trailer was immaculate.

Flora loved books, and read avidly everything she could get her hands on. Godey's "Lady's Book" was a magazine much appreciated in those days. I have heard her refer to it, but I do not think they were regular subscribers to it. Her father had to make occasional business trips, to Ashland and, perhaps, even to Cincinnati. He may have brought home a copy of it now and then. I do know that on one such trip he saw, and bought, a book, in verse, and probably with pictures, about a boy named Harry - for Harry, of course. One of the poems began, "Ragamuffins come, where Harry beats his drum, gather 'round about him such a noisy crowd of boys."

Harry applying it to himself, would say, "Ragamuffins come where I beat my drum...."

Anyway, she loved books, and school, even the limited school available to her, was a delight. And so it is no wonder that her heart was captured by the very personable young man, also a lover of books, who was her teacher. After he went away there were other teachers who inspired her, notably a Mr. Wheatley, who, in spite of being an alcoholic, had a real love for learning; and after him one John C. Calhoun Mayo, who was always remembered fondly. But of course when Will Swetnam came back from the West, the others ceased to be important.

When she was about fourteen or fifteen, passing through the awkward stage, her hair was a source of great concern to her. It was light brown - Dutch's hair was golden blond - and she wore it in one long braid which was hateful to her. She continually begged her mother to let her do something about it - anything, even cut it off! (NO girls or women wore short hair in those days; bobbed hair for little girls began to be fashionable about 1909, but short hair was generally not accepted for women until 1924.) "Cut it off, I can't stand it like this!" Day after day the plea went on. Finally Grandmother's patience gave out. "Bring me the scissors," she said. They were brought, and she quickly whacked off the offending braid. Then, to the surprise of everybody, the hair released went into a mass of ringlets that were perfectly beautiful, and suddenly the ugly duckling had become a swan. Fashionable or not, she wore it that way for many years, until, in 1907, or 1908, Grandmother persuaded her that the dignity of her station as a middle aged woman demanded that it be put up. But it was never so pretty again.

They gave her the wrong name. Her name should not have been "May," but "Must" - or maybe "Will;" for determination was always her strong point. This was strikingly evident in her determination to be a writer. She began writing stories, essays or poetry, and offering them to magazines for a year's subscription, and on that basis she began to get a few things published. Finally, about 1909, she applied for, and got, a position as editor of the children's page in a weekly paper called the "Pentecostal Herald." It was a Methodist publication, not "Pentecostal," as we use the term now. Her responsibility was to edit the letters sent in by children, forwarded in batches from the editorial office, and prepare a suitable group of

them to fill the designated space, along with a little essay called, "Aunt Flora's Chat": and for this she received the munificent sum of \$10 per month. But that was real money. At the time her husband, a teacher in high school, was earning \$60 per month and on the strength of this she bought a second-hand Oliver typewriter, (before this all her manuscripts were in longhand) and she was in business. Gradually, as she gained experience and confidence, she began to sell a few things, her little stories bringing three or four dollars each, hardly ever as much as ten, most of them published in religious papers, many for children. But in the course of years, she must have sold many hundreds. Her highest point was reached when a religious novel that she submitted in a contest offered by the American Tract Society, while it did not win the prize, was nevertheless accepted for publication. The title, A SWEETENING OF SERVICE, was changed by the publishers to MISS PHENA, the principal character in the story. The book was published on a 10% royalty basis, but did not sell very well, and monetarily was a disappointment. But it was a real book, and she had really become a writer!

I have struggled to find in my memory anything that she may have told us about her early religious experience. We always knew her as a very earnest and dedicated Christian, in later life deeply involved with the church. But if she ever told us when and where she professed her faith and was baptized, or where she attended church as a child, I cannot recall it. I know that after her marriage, when she was living at Blaine, the church was a very important part of her life. But for some years, with small children, she had little opportunity for participation in church. I do know that my first experience of Sunday School came when I was six years old, in the little white church at Volga, Kentucky. And when we moved to West Liberty, a county seat town with a Christian Church with a full-time pastor, participation in church became still more important to her, and throughout her life it continued to do so. But she was timid - unwilling to trust her voice, she would never sing in church, though she sang very nicely at home. And, of course, she would not think of trying to teach in Sunday School, or speak out in a prayer meeting. But as she began to feel the call of duty to such participation, her determination again asserted itself. She became interested in the interdenominational organization called Christian Endeavor, "C.E.", for short which provided opportunities for speaking, reading Scripture, or public prayer in its informal prayer meetings. In 1912, she helped to organize such a group, and did most of the planning, but still would not speak out herself. It was in the Spring of 1914 that Shirley, writing to Ernest, who was away at college, burst into rhyme:

O what a thing has come to pass,
 Mom made a talk to the C.E. class!

But the determination was still working; and in her later years she taught classes, made public prayers, may even have preached.

Her determination expressed itself also in her self education. Limited as she was in her schooling, she continued to read and study, so much so that she really became better educated than the majority of college graduates. And for spelling she had a natural gift that approached genius. If she had not been so rigorously truthful, I would have found it hard to accept her statement that she had spelled correctly, on the first try, the word, eleemosynary, which she had never seen before. But in our life at home, whether any question arose to the spelling of a word, we might look it up in the dictionary if we wanted to, but it was a waste of time - Mother was always right!

All this is getting ahead of the story, and still gives us but a feeble picture of this remarkable woman. But this was Flora May, who on November 20, 1890, became the bride of Will Swetnam, and a very important epic for "Us Four and Some More."

US FOUR AND SOME MORE

They started housekeeping at "The Forks of the Road," not far from Staffordsville. It must have been about where the present US 460, to Salyersville, joins US 23. And soon they were storekeeping too. Dad had been eager to study medicine, and had hoped that his father-in-law would advance the money for his studies. His hopes must have been high, for he ordered books in preparation, The Essentials of Medical Chemistry, and had the name *W. W. Swetnam, M. D.*, stamped in gold on the cover. What little chemistry I ever learned I learned from that book. Whether Grandfather had given him any encouragement in his hopes before the wedding I do not know; he must have. But if so, he changed his mind, and offered to set him up in a store instead. For this sort of business Dad had neither aptitude nor liking, but they stayed there three or four years. Perhaps it was the Panic of 1898 that broke it up -

"North, south, east and west,
Jim was busted, like the rest..."

It must have been the winter of 1892 to 1893 that the thermometer registered an unprecedented 35 below zero. One activity of country stores in those days was accepting eggs and other produce from farmers in trade, packing the eggs in cases for shipment to jobbers in the city. The house was heated by open fires in coal grates. Coal was plentiful and cheap, and this way of heating did pretty well in normal winter weather. But in this extreme cold, all the cases of eggs were brought from the store to the house, and stacked in a semicircle before the fire, being turned at intervals. Even so, with the fire as hot as it could be made, every now and then one would pop on the side away from the fire. Frozen eggs could be eaten, of course, but could not be sold. Grandfather Swetnam died in the Spring of 1892, and some time after that, that year or the next, they decided to move to Blaine.

The first pregnancy resulted in a miscarriage. While they were visiting in some home, or some family with a small child was visiting them, the child tried to climb up into a cupboard filled with dishes, causing the cupboard to tip over. Many dishes were broken, but I believe the child escaped serious injury. But the fright brought on the miscarriage. One cannot help speculating -- if that child had lived, if... if... Soon she was pregnant again, and this time all went well, and Ernest Cecil (I don't know where they got the name) was born May 30, 1892. Grandmother Stafford's birthday was May 31, and she used to say that Ernest was a day older than she.

It was four years before the next one came, and during that time they moved to Blaine, and lived with Grandmother Swetnam until their house was ready. On July 28, 1896, a girl was born, whom they called Jessie -- if she had a middle name I can't remember hearing it. She had some sort of congenital defect, and lived only seven days. Again we are moved to say, "If..." but her death left Mother free for a little time. Ernest was four, and Grandmother and Aunt Lou gladly cared for him. Aunt Lou's son, Bert, was near the same age, and they played well together. A man named Elam had organized what was called a normal school at Blaine, offering serious study to adults or advanced young people. I think Dad was helping in the teaching. Mother attended classes there for a year or two, and gained valuable instruction and inspiration. It was a happy time. Dad did some farming, some teaching, they were young and life was good. Then she became pregnant again, and on November 13, 1898, Florence Shirley was born. The name Shirley they had seen somewhere and it appealed to them; Florence was from *DOMBEY AND SON*, their favorite of Dickens' novels, and certainly Florence Dombey was an admirable character. And not quite two years later I was born on October 22, 1900, at 5:00AM, Mother has

told me. And I remember hearing her say that the year of my birth was the happiest and healthiest year she had ever known. She was then 26. George was born March 11, 1904, after we moved to Ohio, the George for Grandmother Stafford, the middle name, Francis, for a very kind and helpful neighbor, Francis Hicks.

It must have been in 1902 that our parents decided to leave Blaine. I never heard how they came to that decision, but they bought a farm in Greenup County, Kentucky, in a little settlement called Beechie, or maybe Beechy, for the creek of the same name. It was a good farm, but some elements of the community life were disagreeable to them, and they stayed only one year. Mother had come into correspondence with a woman in Ohio, through a farm paper or something, and what they heard of the place sounded good. They got the chance to rent a farm at a little place called Hicks Station, a flag stop on the railroad, Mr. Francis Hicks, already mentioned, being an important man in the area. So they sold out at Beechie and went to Ohio. At that time, there were steamboats running regularly on the Ohio river, and they went from Greenupsburg to Cincinnati on the steamer Iron Queen. I have a faint recollection of that journey. The rest of the trip, only 30 miles or so, was made by train, except that the horses, which were taken along on the boat, were ridden out from Cincinnati. I remember hearing Dad tell of that ride - a neighbor man went with him - on a bright moonlit winter night, and of how they could see the rabbits playing in the fields they passed. Rabbits were plentiful. Many farmers were abandoning the old rail fences for wire; and the rails, until some other use was found for them (they generally ended up as stovewood) were stacked in huge piles, standing up on end, leaving enough space between them to make a perfect refuge for rabbits - also a perfect place to set traps for them at their points of entrance and exit. Ernest was twelve that first Spring in Ohio, and he set traps and brought in many rabbits, an important item of food. I still think rabbit is one of the choicest meats I know.

We stayed three years in Ohio, and lived in three different houses. It was good farming country, and we prospered pretty well. There is some confusion in my mind about places, but I remember the village called Roachester, another called Edenton, and a good size town, Blanchester. And I remember the wheat harvest, and the thresher, drawn by the steam tractor, that went from farm to farm, all the neighbors coming in to help on threshing day. But I do not think we bought any land there, though I can remember hearing of parents talk about the possibility of doing so.

While at the third place in Ohio, we made the acquaintance of a Miss Louise Rowe, who lived in Cincinnati, and must have been visiting friends or relatives in the area. She was a librarian, or some such, and the friendship began in that brief period continued for many years. There was occasional correspondence, and whenever we found a bug or flower that we could not identify, we would send it to her, and she always came up with the answer. Culturally, she meant a great deal to us.

The last Fall we were in Ohio, 1906, I started to school in September, although I was not six until October. And although Shirley was nearing eight, I do not believe she had started to school before that. The school was a one teacher country school, about two miles from our home, and I can remember that on the way we had to cross the creek on a foot log, and I can still see the water covered with crab apples that had fallen from the overhanging branches. The teacher was a Mr. Little, and Shirley used to say he had a forked nose, though I could never see it. I suppose he had a deep groove in his nose. But for some reason he did not stay long, and Dad applied for the school, and was accepted and taught the rest of the year, or until March. I could already read a little before starting to school, and Shirley was much ahead of me, I'm sure. But when the weather got bad, Mother kept us home, and we had regular lessons in reading and arithmetic.

But Mother was still writing letters. She corresponded regularly with a Mrs. Shaver in Chenango county, New York; and somehow she got in touch with somebody in Washington State, in the Wenatchee Valley, then just being settled up and to develop into the wonderful fruit country it has become. There was great opportunity there for teachers, or anybody willing to work. The railroads were offering transportation at a very low rate to encourage settlement, and on the assurance of employment my parents resolved to sell out and move to Washington. They packed up and shipped some of the furniture and other things they thought worth taking, and had an auction sale of the rest; and because the furniture would take some time to get there, and also because they wanted one more visit before they left, they went back to Staffordsville for a visit. It was a mistake, but there again we can only say "If..."

Grandmother was dead against the move, and determined to break it up. She called in a Dr. Bayes, and her brother, "Uncle Doctor" Turner, and bullied them into declaring categorically that Mother could not survive such a trip. And indeed she might not have. Her general health at that time was not good, and she was so extremely subject to motion sickness that even a short train ride left her almost prostrated. I wonder seriously how she would have stood a trip of several days duration. Anyway they gave in, though it must have been a bitter disappointment to them, and it certainly was to Ernest; we younger children were too little to understand much about it. Dad wired ahead and had the furniture shipped back. Grandfather had a farm on Mudlick Creek, about three miles from Staffordsville, (Mudlick flows into Paint Creek near Staffordsville) and they made arrangements to rent that farm. It was quite a comedown from the farm scene in Ohio, but nothing else was available, and as soon as the furniture got back, we moved in there. Dad bought a mare named Dolly and a cow named Daisy, and we stuck it out there for two crop seasons - April, 1907 to October, 1908. Up the creek about a mile there was a little settlement named Volga, which had a church, a store, and a post office. Aunt Rose lived there, and there were a few farm neighbors up and down the creek.

The Christmas of 1907 was memorable. In fact, I have no clear recollection of any Christmas before that one. But that one had special features. Through Mother's correspondence with Mrs. Schaver in New York State, she had got in touch with a merchant in Binghamton, New York, who offered to pay 10¢ each for wreaths of holly and other evergreens, and also to pay the express charges. He wanted 1000, but all they managed to make were 120. Holly was abundant, and pine and hemlock, which we called spruce pine. Ernest brought in the greens, I helped a little with that, and the house was full of them. Even yet the smell of hemlock brings back that time. The wreaths were made, and packed in a box, and taken to Paintsville for shipment, and in due time the check came -- \$12! Ernest's share was 1/3. He was fifteen, and in Paintsville he bought a single barrel shotgun, which cost \$4, and a box of shells cost 45¢. Dad had to advance part of the money for that. When the check came in, Ernest exclaimed "Now I'll have enough to finish paying for the gun and get another box of shells!"

In our family We never had a Christmas tree. We children hung up stockings, though we were under no illusions about where the gifts came from. The gifts were inexpensive, they had to be; but there was love, and it was an exciting time. That Christmas there began (it may have begun before this, but I do not remember it) a custom that continued as long as we were a family together, namely, that whatever other gifts we might get, we always got a book. In the beginning days of Mother's writing, she would sometimes offer a story in exchange for a book or books, and some, maybe all the early Christmas books came by this route. The book I got that Christmas was [AESOP'S FABLES](#), and I was able to read it all through, and enjoyed it greatly.

We went to Grandmother Stafford's for Christmas day. We rode in a buggy or wagon, I remember arriving, and all the other children on the porch, shouting "Christmas gift!" I don't know where the buggy came from, it must have been borrowed; we did not own one, I am sure. In fact, the roads up the creek were barely passable for a buggy. But I am sure we rode, though I distinctly remember that Ernest and I walked home in the afternoon; I don't know how the others went. It was quite a gathering - Aunt Rose and her brood, Aunt Mollie and hers, Uncles Ralph and Jesse, still single at home; and I think Uncle Harry and and Bess were there. And Grandmother did have a Christmas tree. It was large, decorated with strings of popcorn and I don't know what else, and the presents were hung on the tree as part of the decoration. We had already had our presents at home, and I did not expect much, if anything. But there was one gift on the tree for me - a piece of material to make me a shirt, which I did not find very exciting. I do not remember the shirt.

In September of 1908, Dad applied for, and got, the position of principal of the school in West Liberty, Kentucky, a county seat town of about 800, and the school had four teachers, maybe five, but I think just four. It must have gone to about the ninth grade. His salary was \$60 per month, for a full nine month term. The family stayed on the farm until the crop could be gathered. We moved in October, before my birthday.

That meant that for over a month Dad was away. Mother, of whom under normal circumstances was not scary, during this time lived in mortal terror of somebody breaking in on us at night. Each night she would secure the doors, and at each window would put a chair with dish pans or other utensils piled on it to make a noise if anybody tried to get in. One night one of these contraptions fell down with an awful clatter. What happened afterward, Ernest used to tell in one way, Mother in another; I suppose the truth was somewhere between. Ernest said that Mother had the gun and was running around with it so that he was unable to catch her, Mother all the time saying, "Get the gun, Ernest, get the gun!" Mother said that she was trying to hand Ernest the gun, but that he, still half asleep, was walking in circles saying, "D, d, d,". Somehow they came to their senses and settled down.

(I think that Uncle Wiley Franklin, Aunt Dutch's husband, who was always friendly and often helpful, may have been on the school board at West Liberty and thus may have helped Dad get that position.)

We moved into a very nice house, for which we paid \$10 a month rent. But early in 1909, Dad bought a green, five room house from a merchant named Womack, an elder in the church but a keen businessman, who, we always thought, kept his religion and his business in watertight compartments. The price, I seem to recall, was \$700. I am not sure what down payment he was able to make, but probably not over \$100, and the rest was \$10 per month, I believe. It could not have been much more, on that salary. There was a nice yard, and a wonderful garden, and a tremendous barn, which, besides being the nicest place to play, was a wonderful hunting ground for rats. A neighbor had a spaniel that was death on rats, and we had great sport. Also, I used to set steel traps and caught a lot of rats. Also we had cats that caught a lot. But still the rats seemed in no danger of extinction. Back of the barn was a field of an acre, more or less, leading back to the Licking River. Dad bought that too, but from another owner, and planted corn there.

There were only two churches in West Liberty, the Christian and the Methodist. We went to the Christian church, of course, but occasionally to the Methodist for some special service. In the Christian church we said "trespasses," and in the Methodist they said "debts." I have often wondered about that, but I am sure I remember it

right. I remember the first Sunday at Sunday school there. We sang "Marching to Zion," the first time I have ever heard it. In 1910 the Christian church built a new building, very grand, we thought. As they tore down the old one, they threw out piles of lath from the plaster walls, which made the finest stick horses we ever had. While the new one was being built we had services in the schoolhouse, then in the basement of the new building before the sanctuary was ready.

But the school at West Liberty was straining to become an accredited high school, and since Dad did not have a degree, in 1909 to 1910 they put in a Mr. Polk as principal and Dad was reduced to assistant principal, no change in salary, but I think the principal got more. The next year they put him down to the grades, and reduced the salary to \$50 per month, and he was looking desperately for another place, but up to school opening in September, 1910, he still had not found anything.

In the Summer of 1910, Shirley came down with typhoid, but Mother used every precaution against infection, and none of us caught it. That Summer Dad clerked in a store, earning a dollar a day, very much needed. Shirley recovered from her illness, but all her hair fell out. Afterward it came in new, lustrous and beautiful, full of curls.

It was early in November that the break finally came, in the form of a telegram, offering positions for Dad and Mother both to teach in the two teacher school at Fletcher, North Carolina, at salaries of \$75 and \$35 per month respectively. Mother had never taught before, but she took to it like a duck to water. But quick action was required. First, Dad went to Uncle Wiley, and offered him the lot back of the barn, before Mr. Womack should lay claim to it, and he was mad. He threatened suit about the house, finally settled for \$50, I think it was, which we considered nothing but robbery. But we got away, with the world all before us. It was a thrilling trip - by the mail hack to Cannel City, the nearest railroad point, then the train to O & K Junction, another train to Winchester, where we ate at a boardinghouse, and waited for the train to Knoxville. There was the long night ride, no Pullman for us, of course, and the excitement when two men had a fight, and several teeth knocked out. We arrived at Knoxville at early dawn, ate breakfast at a restaurant, rode in a horse drawn cab to the other station, then the ride along the beautiful French Broad river to Asheville, and late in the afternoon to Fletcher, on the eve of Shirley's twelfth birthday. We were tired, homesick and miserable, but a new life had begun, and we soon came to like it.

George was six in March of that year, but for some reason he had not started to school at West Liberty; but at Fletcher, with Mother teaching, of course, he started. There was a little Baptist church across the road from the school, where we went to church, and the Sunday School I guess, though I have no recollection of that. I do remember that the pastor was a man of very limited education, whose ludicrous mistakes were commented on at our home. At West Liberty the people had considered themselves sophisticated. At Fletcher we were shocked at the language of many of the people. One day in school Mother corrected a pupil for saying "them 'er," and she indignantly replied, "I didn't say, them 'er, I said them there." However, we found the people friendly and kind, for the most part, but for some reason our parents felt that this was not the place to stay, and were looking for another place. There were teacher placement agencies to help in this, and through one of those our parents got in touch with the two teacher school at Salisbury, Tennessee, in Hardeman county, 56 miles from Memphis, and were accepted, the salary to be \$85 and \$40, for an eight month term. We left the beautiful mountain country with some regret, felt all the more when we landed in west Tennessee in the hottest weather that had ever been recorded there in late May. But we were learning to adapt to new conditions. Here there were no mountains, no hills worth mentioning.

And this was cotton country, the first we had seen. Here too we learned to eat okra, which was new to us, and was not palatable at first, but we soon came to like it. And here, for the first time, we encountered field peas used as a vegetable. We had known them in Kentucky as cattle feed, and were surprised to find how good they are.

There was no Christian church at Salisbury. In fact, we soon found that most of the people thought of the "Campbellites" with horror. There was a Presbyterian church which was nearly dead, and had no regular services; and a Methodist with a resident pastor, though it was part of a circuit, and a Baptist church, also part of a circuit, whose pastor presided there. We decided to divide up - Dad and Shirley went to the Baptist Sunday school, Mother and George and I to the Methodist; and we all went to church service at whichever church had service that day. Ernest was gone most of the time, I can't remember where he went.

For the family group was beginning to break up. Ernest got a job that Summer, teaching a two-month summer school at a country school near Whiteville, and as he had for some time been feeling a call to the ministry he was making arrangements to go to college in the Fall, at Johnson Bible College, near Knoxville. He was nineteen. His high school work was not complete, for lack of opportunity, but the college had a preparatory department. His leaving really shook us up. He would be with us during the Summer the next three years, but the family was never quite the same again.

Another thing that happened at Salisbury was the piano. Dad had always loved music, had a fine bass voice, and could play a little. At West Liberty we had for a time an old reed organ, and Ernest took regular lessons and made a lot of progress. The first year at Salisbury Dad answered an advertisement and bought a piano from the Alder Piano Company in Louisville, price \$187.50, payable at \$10 per month. I still marvel at how well that piano held up through many moves and few tunings. Shirley started music lessons. We could not afford lessons for me too, so she was going to pass it on to me. That turned out as such efforts generally do. I started and stopped many times, and did finally get to where I could play a few tunes. But Shirley made good progress, and in after years did quite a bit of teaching. But it was not until the summer of 1913 that we could really enjoying gathering around the piano and singing.

There was a lot of malaria in West Tennessee then. People practically lived on Quinine - many people kept it on the table as regularly as salt and pepper. Somehow I never had it, and I can't recall that Shirley did. Dad and Mother suffered a good deal, and George almost died. He had a severely enlarged liver, and a bad case of asthma that seem to stem from the malaria or perhaps was an allergic reaction to the treatment. He was never really well until we went back to the mountains.

One family custom that was to become outstanding in our family life was that of reading aloud. It had begun before, even at Mudlick I can remember it; but at Salisbury it really blossomed out. We used to subscribe to a weekly newspaper named Grit, which I think is still in existence, though greatly reduced in size. Then, besides a full size newspaper, there was a story section of twenty pages or so, with short stories and serials. One Saturday, right after midday dinner, Dad said, "Listen to this, I think you'll enjoy it." And he began to read the first installment of THE RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE, by Zane Gray. Then we eagerly awaited from week to week for the next installment! Afterward we read TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA, THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND, IVANHOE, and many others. In those days of no radio or TV, or movies (I saw my first movie at Salisbury in 1912, a traveling outfit that showed the simple pie comedy films outdoors with a store wall for screen, and passed a hat for a collection) reading was about the only pastime

for rainy Saturdays and winter evenings. It was especially appropriate at Christmas, when we always had some new books. While Dad read, Mother could do mending, and we kids could crack nuts, or whatever. Soon we kids were old enough to take our turn, each one reading a chapter. We began to order books to send as gifts, and read them before sending. Thus we read much of Scott, Dickens, Rider Haggard, LJ Vance, (THE BRONZE BELL was a high water mark) even some Shakespeare.

Due to late starting, Shirley was only one grade ahead of me in school. When we left West Liberty she was in the sixth, I in the fifth. But at Fletcher there was no sixth grade, and the fifth was doing work practically on the sixth grade level, so Shirley went through the fifth again and when we got to Salisbury we both went into the seventh, and were together after that.

The first year at Salisbury there were only two teachers. Mother had the first four, or maybe the first five, grades, and Dad all the rest. But in the summer of 1912 an additional room was built onto the schoolhouse, and another teacher, a Miss Wilma Stroup ("Miss Strap", the kids called her, perhaps because she wielded a strap) took over the first three grades, and Mother had grades four, five, and six. George was in the third, but was well ahead of the others in the class, and he and "Miss Strap" did not agree very well, so he was promoted to the fourth, which put him in Mother's room. From the fifth grade on, Dad was the only teacher I ever had.

In those days, the schools in small towns were generally under the control of a local board, and if the teacher displeased a member of the board by his religion, or manner of life, or (often) some disciplinary action, it could easily happen that at the end of the year his contract was not renewed. There was a proverb, "First year hired, second year tired, third year fired," which was very near the truth. During the second year at Salisbury it became apparent that they had better find another place, and the place they found was far away in northeast Georgia, Dawsonville, a county seat, with a school board that was long on promises but short on performance. They were building a new school, which was supposed to be ready for use that Fall, but when we got there we found that the building program was bogged down, and the best they could come up with was some meager repairs to the old one. Try, try again!

But that summer of 1913 was a delight. We were in the mountains again, health was better, and although the best housing arrangement we could make was four rooms in a house with a civil war veteran and his wife, life was good, and we kids at least were happy. We sang most of the songs in the "101 Best Songs," and a lot in the church hymnbook too. Dad bought stumpage rights on a little piece of woods, and he and Ernest, and George and I worked at laying in a supply of firewood and stovewood for winter, (which we managed to sell when we moved) and I began to learn the use of the ax and crosscut saw, under a very exacting master.

Ernest had had two years of college, and was in rebellion against his calling, as most of us are from time to time. About the first of September he got an offer of a position as principal of a two-teacher school not far from Clarksville, Tennessee, and exclaimed, "I'm going to get out of the sticks!" and left in a hurry.

It was time for school to begin, and still no other place in sight. There was nothing to do but start, and school went on for about two weeks, then an offer came for the three-teacher school at Trenton, Georgia, in the northwest corner, and near Chattanooga, another small county seat. My parents felt that under the circumstances they were justified in leaving, and so there was another quick move. This school went through the ninth grade, Shirley and I were in the ninth. Destiny was at work. Ernest came to visit us at Christmas, little the richer after some

unpleasant experiences in Tennessee, and with a hole in his hat which he insisted had been made by a bullet, and it certainly looked like it. He was ready to go back to college. By some service he had rendered the previous year he had earned a full year's tuition and board, and he would get at least half of it. But while visiting us he met Winnie Gross, and it seems to have been love at first sight. He went on to college, but the course of his life had changed.

And the course of our lives was changed to. We attended the Methodist church, but there was a Presbyterian church there, almost dead, but which by long past had always been open for the use of people of the Christian church when they wished to use it. An evangelist of that church (we later found that he was of the anti-instrumental music wing of the church, not yet fully detached under the name of Church of Christ) came to hold a meeting, and Shirley, George and I decided it was time for us to join the church of our parents and be baptized. As so we did, our parents approving, though they knew that "Campbellites" were unpopular, and they might well have to move. Just afterward an attractive offer came from a four-teacher school at Jenkinsburg, Georgia, 40 miles south of Atlanta, which they were happy to accept. And right after that came a committee from the mining town of Durham, atop Lookout Mountain, imploring Dad and Mother to teach there, they could almost name their own conditions. They wanted three teachers. Dad told them he had already signed a contract for the next year, but offered to teach the three-month summer term, and since Mother was worn out at the end of her year, they made an agreement that Dad, Ernest and Shirley would teach. So we went to Durham, and the summer work helped our fortunes considerably. Mother got a much needed rest, George and I, with a few chores aside from the easy work of getting enough stovewood to keep the kitchen going, had a very pleasant summer, Shirley, not yet sixteen, gained some valuable experience, and we did a lot with playing and singing that last summer that Ernest was with us. The house furnished by the company was infested with bedbugs, against which we waged warfare all summer.

That summer of 1914 brought us into contact with photographers, which was to be a significant part of our experience. Ernest had got a Number Three Brownie Kodak, with a tripod, so that it could be used for time exposures, and equipment for developing and printing the pictures. That Summer he made a little money by taking pictures, mostly on Azo post cards, selling them for 75¢ a dozen, I think it was. (For comparison, I remember the prices in a Chattanooga restaurant that Summer: ham and eggs, 25¢, bacon and eggs, 15¢, small steak, 25¢, and a generous bowl of soup, with crackers, 5¢.) After we got to Jenkinsburg, school did not start until about October 15, to allow time for the children to help pick cotton on the farms. George and I picked cotton at 40¢ per hundred pounds, and earned enough to buy a 4 X 5 plate camera, tripod, and developing equipment, which we used for many years.

Ernest had kept up a correspondence with Winnie while at college, and before we went to Durham the engagement was fixed. He got a call to a Christian church in Malabar, Florida, and all looked rosy. Durham was only about eight miles from Trenton by path down the mountainside, and Ernest traveled that path many times on foot. One Saturday afternoon he suggested that he and I go for a walk, and we took the shot gun, in case we should see a rabbit. We walked to where we could see over into the valley, and he said, "Let's go to Trenton." I was quite willing, and on we went, he to the Gross's, of course, I to some friends nearby. It was near dark when we started home, quite dark by the time we began the descent of the mountain. Ernest went to a house and borrowed a lantern, which was afterward returned by parcel post. So we went marching on, with only the dim light of the lantern to guide this. Ernest was good at sports, a crack shot, a skillful fisherman, and never got lost in the woods. We thought of him as a sort of superman. He insisted that he was not lost on this walk; I knew I was lost. And since we had not told the folks where we were going, they thought surely we were lost, and had search parties

out looking for us, fearful that we might have fallen down an abandoned mine shaft. We met the search parties at last, and all was well.

That was about two weeks before the wedding. They were married August 24, 1914, and left immediately for Florida, and we went to Jenkinsburg. In those days the Georgia high school course was only eleven grades; at Jenkinsburg we went only through the tenth, and Shirley and I were in it. They always had a graduation, so we had a graduation, class pins, diplomas, and all. One of the teachers there had always "run" the school, telling former principals what to do, and our parents did not like to be pushed around. It made for a lot of friction in the school, and inevitably we had to move again. Later, Mother wrote a novel about the experience, named A HOUSE DIVIDED, but was never able to get it published.

This time we went to middle Tennessee, Bethesda, in Williamson county. And there was a Presbyterian church, with a resident pastor, M. W. Millard, D. D., whose learning we respected, and whose dedication inspired us. He was getting up on in years. His youngest son, Ernest, was about Shirley's age, and a daughter, Mary, a little older, became a close friend. Shirley admired Ernest Millard very much, and he her; but there was never any courtship. There might well have been if... after we left he went to Southwestern College, then to Colombia seminary, and died there in the flu epidemic in 1919. He had planned to go into foreign mission work, and I got the idea that I ought to take his place.

There were only ten grades at Bethesda. Shirley and I took the tenth over, including some subjects not included before, as we certainly could not go to college. George was then in the sixth or seventh. But there was some friction there, too, and the next year we went back to Georgia, to Whitesburg, 50 miles southwest of Atlanta. But before we left, we decided on a visit to Kentucky, before we should get farther away. We went to Blaine, then to Staffordsville, where we spent the whole month of July [1915].

At Whitesburg there were three teachers, Dad, Mother, and Shirley. There was nothing beyond the tenth grade, but I sat in school and studied independently, working my way through solid geometry and Cicero, besides a lot of other things. On Saturdays, Shirley went to Newnan, eleven miles on the train, for music lessons, and I often went along. There was a good Carnegie library there, from which we profited greatly. It was at Whitesburg that George and I learned to swim, not having had a suitable opportunity before.

And at Whitesburg George and I served as school janitors, sweeping the three rooms each afternoon, and in winter making fires in the pot belly stoves, for \$5 a month -- \$2.50 each. The school had originally been a Methodist boarding school, called the Hutcheson Collegiate Institute, and what had once been a dormitory was used as a residence for the principal - in our case the whole faculty and janitors. The schoolhouse consisted of a central room, about 40' by 40', divided by a removable partition so that it made a fair sized auditorium. The half with the stage was seldom used. There was a one-room wing on the east and west, about 30' by 30', and a porch on each side of the angle formed with the central room. At the apex was the entrance, with a small vestibule on the side, having four doors, one each to the central room, the stage room, the wing room, and the porch. Each of these doors squeaked, each in its own recognizable key. I explain this because of a phenomenon that occurred several times, maybe a dozen or more. I would be sweeping in the west room, while George was in the east room, and I would hear the door of the far vestibule open and close, sque-e-e-e-eak, slam! Then footsteps across the central room, George, I thought, walk, walk, walk... then the door to the near vestibule, sque-e-e-e-eak, slam! And then nothing. When the door to the room where I was sweeping did not open as expected, I would go and open it, to find nobody there;

and when I went all the way to the other room to ask George about it, he had not been out to the room. The same experience happened to George, at various times, and always took us by surprise, for we thought each time it was really somebody coming. It happened in daylight, if anybody had been there and left we could have seen him. It was totally unexplained. There were some other unexplained phenomena, but notably the "mysterious thirty-second volume," as we came to call it. Back of the stage was a small room, which had been used as a library. There were bookshelves there, and a hodge-podge of old books, but mostly old census reports, and such. But there was an encyclopedia, published in 1892 in connection with the Columbian Exposition, called the [Columbian Cyclopedia](#), in 32 ponderous volumes. (And a good part of my education came from it.) There were no locks on any of the doors, people came and went at will. When we first got to Whitesburg in August, 1916, George and I decided we would put the whole library in some sort of order, and especially the encyclopedia, the volumes of which were found scattered over the building, some in desks, and wherever. We know that we had volume 32, because we noted at the time, and were able to verify it afterward, that the last topic was ZYMURGY, whereas the last in the encyclopedia we had a home was ZYMOTIC DISEASES. But when we had got all the rest together, volume 32 had disappeared. There was nobody there but us; we searched high and low and could not find it. We lived in Whitesburg two years, and it never reappeared. In 1918 we moved away, stayed two years, then came back for two years more. And when we got back, volume 32 was there in place! Nobody but ourselves had the slightest interest in it. It still baffles me.

We went to Bishop, Georgia, thirteen miles south of Athens. That was the year (1918) that we got our first car, a secondhand Chevrolet 4-90. There was a plan for Shirley and me to go to the University of Athens that year, driving in each day. But the university did not admit women that year. (The next year they did.) There was also a state normal school at Athens, but folk dancing was a required part of the curriculum there, and Shirley refused on a question of conscience. So that plan was abandoned. I was expecting to be drafted soon, but the sudden end of the war in November took care of that. I worked at various jobs, in a garage, in a gin, and picked cotton through the Fall. George had already finished the ninth grade, there wasn't any tenth, so he picked cotton, too, and tried to carry on some independent study. Shirley got a chance to teach alongside Dad and Mother, and after Christmas I taught two months at a country school, four miles in the country, giving it up after some discipline problems. It was not a very happy year for any of us, but one thing was exceptional. For the first time since leaving West Liberty, there was a Christian church at Bishop, accepted by the community, and we put our membership in there and took an active part in it.

And we moved again, for the first time a short move, only seven miles to Bostwick, in Morgan county. There we really had the school sewed up. Shirley taught the first two grades, I the third, fourth and fifth, Mother the sixth, seventh and eighth, and Dad the ninth and tenth. George went to school in the tenth grade, and did the whole job as janitor for \$10 per month. After Christmas there were enough people for another teacher, but there was no room, no teacher, so that teacher's pay, \$57.50 per month, was split among the five of us.

Then back to Whitesburg in 1920, with Dad, Mother, and Shirley teaching, George sitting in school in independent study, while I taught a one-teacher school, five grades, with 70 pupils, at Banning, a cotton mill village two miles away. It was pretty rugged, but I still think I did some pretty good teaching. I walked to school, or rode a bicycle when roads and weather permitted.

When we were at Dawsonville I started out to read the Bible through, but got bogged down in Numbers. In the summer of 1917, at Whitesburg, Shirley had a brainstorm, and challenged George and me to start a reading program, reading through Paul's

letters and then Hebrews, to see if we could form a judgment as to whether or not Paul had written it. (Of course we couldn't.) She suggested that we read three chapters a day, together, verse about, and we went along with that. She would not let us forget, but would say, "Let's read our three chapters." After we finished that program she had another one ready to start. We read of all through the New Testament, and much of the old. (When we came to the rape scene in II Samuel 13, having looked ahead, she modestly suggested that we read that chapter separately, not aloud.) This program of Bible reading, reinforced as it was by hearing the scriptures read at family prayers and Sunday nights, and every school morning in chapel. Having a quick memory, I unconsciously memorized many familiar passages; and when George and I got to seminary we found that in familiarity with the Bible we were far ahead of any of our classmates. Shirley was always urging us on, getting us to do things we would probably never have done without that pressure. She was not naggy or unpleasant about it, but she kept up the pressure, and we followed her leadership. George and I, in fact the whole family, thought of Shirley as impractical and otherworldly - if we considered Ernest a superman, we thought of Shirley as a saint.

But destiny was a work again. In September an evangelist of the Christian Church, Owen Still, accompanied by a song leader, Curtis Hayes, came with a tent to hold a meeting, looking toward organizing a church, as there were two or three families there professing this faith. The response was very good, and after two or three weeks a church was organized, with twenty-some numbers, including the five of us. Owen, between whiles in meetings in other places, came back on weekends to serve as supply pastor. The group met in the schoolhouse until a building could be erected, and other interested people joined. People gave money, materials, and labor, and in 1921 a building was erected, which served until about 1971, when a modern building was built. The church has prospered through the years, and when we visited there in 1972, it was a vigorous congregation. In the original church I installed the electric wiring as part of my contribution, besides nailing shingles on the roof, and other labor.

All through the years 1916 to 1921, I was groping for a career. Ever since 1914 I had felt of a vague sense of call to the ministry, but was not at all sure of it. Engineering appealed to me, and I bought books on mechanical and electrical engineering, and studied them eagerly. There was a school of telegraphy in Newnan, and I almost decided to enroll in that. In photographic magazines I had seen advertisements of the Illinois College of Photography, in Effingham, Illinois. When my school term at Banning was out at the end of February, 1921, I decided to give photography a serious try, and went to Effingham and signed up for a three-month term, paying \$100 tuition. Six weeks of it convinced me that photography, or anything related to art, was not my calling, and I gave it up. I had a room in the home of a retired farmer named Lane, and I believe I paid \$5.50 a week for board at a students' boarding house. The course was interesting, for the first time I was on my own, I made some good friends, and in spite of money spent to no effect, I think it was a worthwhile experience. There was an assembly every day, and the role was called, in order date of entry... Brown, Gardner, Hannifin, Swetnam,... as students finished their work, they left; and there was a man named Bailey, who always took note of the hour of departure, (by train, of course) and when the man's name was called, he would say, "He left at 11:15," or whatever. So before leaving at 1:05AM, I told Bailey, "Tell them I left at 1:05" I'm sure he did. There was a Christian church at Effingham, which I attended out of sense of duty, and liked pretty well; but I liked the Presbyterian better, went there as often as I felt I could without neglecting the Christian church.

We organized a Christian Endeavor Society, in which many people from the Methodist and Baptist churches participated, and which became very active, and was awarded

the state banner at the convention of 1922. Shirley, George, and I went to the state CE convention held at First Presbyterian church, Thomasville, Georgia in April, 1921. At one of the sessions of that convention, Shirley registered her decision to go into full-time Christian service, and on the way home, wide awake on the train through a night of full moon, I reached the decision to seek the ministry. Within a year after this, George had come to the same decision. But it could not be implemented immediately. That year Mother decided to give up teaching, and devote all her time to writing, and I was elected to teach in her place, the fourth, fifth and sixth grades.

Then, in the Spring of 1922, a romance suddenly blossomed out between Shirley and Owen, and they were married on April 2. To give a brief summary of their life, they served several churches, mostly in and around Atlanta, before going to Japan in 1937. They got away just before Pearl Harbor, and most of their ministry after that in Hawaii. Their children are: Owen, born September, 1923, now a minister and professor in Regina, Saskatchewan, who married a Canadian, Beatrice something, and they have several children; Eleanor, born December, 1925, who married William Sprankles, and was abandoned by him with Beth, Peggy, and Tommy; Rebecca, born in 1928, who married Bob Kerby, a minister, and they live in Tulsa, Oklahoma, with Bobby and Robin; and Ruth, who married Glen Powell, also a minister, and lives in Hawaii, but I do not seem to have the children's names. Owen died shortly after their 50th wedding anniversary, and at this writing Shirley is living in Hawaii, near Eleanor and Ruth, but is in very precarious health.

Rebecca wrote a book about her parents and their ministry, especially about her father. It was printed privately, and sold widely among their friends and people in the churches that supported their work.

In the meantime, tension had been building up between our parents for some time. There was much love between them, but jealousy is indeed as cruel as the grave. Her health was at a low ebb, and we believe now that she was already infected with tuberculosis which was not diagnosed until 1929; and doctors have told us that that may well have contributed to the attitude of suspicion so pronounced in that last year together. And no doubt her attitude provoked Dad to do things he otherwise would not have done. At last, when school was out to 1922, Dad loaded his personal belongings into his Model T Ford and took off for Kentucky. When repeated attempts at reconciliation were ineffective, he brought suit for divorce. He taught at several places, and between terms he went to school, finally completing his BA degree about 1930. He made an unfortunate marriage with a distant cousin, who one day while he was at school loaded all the furniture on a truck and left. She died after a while, and in 1935, he married a widow, Trinvilla Thompson, a cousin of Aunt Lucy, who cared for him lovingly until his death in 1940.

Then Mother, going through the menopause, had a complete breakdown about that time, and was in bed all Summer, and barely able to get around for years after that, never really strong again. Ernest was gone, Shirley was gone, Dad was gone, and George and I suddenly woke to the fact that we were left holding the bag.

We were committed to the idea of studying for the ministry, still with no thought other than the Christian church, though our contacts through Christian Endeavor had already made us wish we were Presbyterians. We corresponded with Johnson Bible College, but could not make satisfactory arrangements to go there. A friend we had made in Christian Endeavour was entering Columbia Seminary, then at Columbia, South Carolina, that Fall, and we wrote for a catalog, then wrote to the president about our situation. His answer was very gracious, that we were welcomed, no tuition charge, and no pressure would be put on us to change churches - and there never was. We resolved to go there, get a house where we could keep house with

Mother, and give it a try. We had a few hundred dollars of savings, Mother had some, she was still writing some, bringing in a little, and George and I had been writing a little, too, an occasional short story, and some articles for engineering magazines, about things we really knew little about, though we had read some books. All we could put together barely got us through that first year.

Summarizing briefly what lay ahead, Mother lived with Shirley some, after she settled down to family life, sometimes with George, sometimes with me, in apartments and boarding houses, until she went to the Georgia Tuberculosis Hospital in 1929. She stayed there less than a year, and afterward lived in apartments by herself - two happy years in Florida, then tried New Mexico, where the water harmed her stomach more than the air helped her lungs, finally back to Georgia, where she lived in the little house in Lawrenceville until she was suddenly taken by pneumonia in March, 1943, just short of three score and ten. During those years she earned a little, George and I helped as we could, Grandmother sent a little, and somehow she made out.

But on August 28, 1922, in spite of all our problems, George and I boarded the train for Columbia - Mother was to follow after we had time to get a house and get the furniture moved in - young, and lighthearted and free, we set forth into the big world.

DER TAG

That first year in Columbia we rented a house away out in College Place, four miles from town by the streetcar, but for walking there was a shortcut that saved about half a mile. Streetcar fare was 7¢, which seems insignificant; but for two of us, two ways, 28¢ a day was worth saving, and we walked unless it was raining. Sometimes we needed to go by the grocery and get supplies. Then, one of us would go by the grocery, carry the books and groceries and ride the streetcar, the other would walk empty-handed. It was considered a toss-up. Mother spent most of the time in bed, not able to do any housework. We got up at 4:30 AM, cooked breakfast, washed the dishes, then walked to the seminary for 9:00 classes. There was a Christian church in Columbia which we joined and attended regularly, even going in on Sunday nights for Christian Endeavour, but not staying for the evening service. In this church there was an organ that was equipped with a hand bellows. Whoever worked it sat behind a screen and worked a lever-like pump handle, with a pressure gauge that had to be watched carefully -- too much pressure was not good, but when the organist unexpectedly hit one of the pedals we had to pump furiously to get it back to the mark. We both took turns pumping the organ.

There were 25 in our class at seminary, 19 of whom were college graduates. The other four (besides us) took only the English course, that is, no Greek or Hebrew. We tried to take the full course, but found that without any Greek we were forced to withdraw from the New Testament Interpretation class (which we later afterward made up;) but although we had not even completed a proper high school course, much less college, our independent study had paid off. To our surprise we discovered that we were really better educated than most, I think I can say truly any, of our college graduate classmates. We were especially fortunate to have been given, chiefly by our father, though Mother helped, a thorough grounding in English grammar and pretty good Latin, which was a great help in Hebrew, later in Greek also.

At the end of that year we went back to Georgia, broke, hoping for some sort of summer job. Shirley was pregnant, she and Owen starting to keep house, and they wanted the furniture. They were in College Park. Ernest was teaching at Suwanee, 33 miles from Atlanta, and he wanted a summer job, too; and Dad had the previous year in south Georgia, and he was staying at Ernest's, and he wanted a summer job. And jobs were scarce. We explored every lead, and there seemed to be nothing at all. A Christian church had been organized at LaGrange, Georgia, and Owen thought he had made arrangements for me to serve that church for the summer. I went there, stayed a few days, preached one Sunday, but for some reason the plan didn't work out. Finally, in desperation, the four of us, Dad, Ernest, George and I, took on a selling job, traveling around in Dad's Model T Ford, nearly new, and trying to sell the World Book Encyclopedia to teachers. Our sales talk was about the project method of teaching. We sold a few, barely enough to buy gasoline and keep us eating until midsummer, when we came to the place where it just could not go on any longer. Dad was leaving for Kentucky, and we did not know which way to turn.

It was a crisis in two ways -- and to explain that I have to go back and trace Ernest's career up to that time. In his ministry in the Christian church, with its congregational form of government, he had run into the same sort of problems that had plagued our parents with local school boards, generally one man, or maybe one woman, who had to have everything done just so. He had served the church in Florida, and a home mission group in northeast Georgia, and a church in south Georgia, and between whiles had been teaching. That summer of 1923 he was still serving a little country church, but teaching was his livelihood. In south Georgia he had had a strong friendship with a Methodist minister, who had talked to him seriously about changing churches, pointing out how the centralized government in

the Methodist system put the minister in a much stronger position. Ernest had always admired the Methodist church, and besides, Winnie had been brought up Methodist, and had never been happy in changing to the Christian Church. At that time they had three children, Margaret, eight; William Everett, called Everett until he went into the Marines, afterward known as Bill; and Ernest, Jr., three and a half. George and I had had a year in a Presbyterian seminary, and had already been very favorably inclined toward the Presbyterian church before we went there. But changing churches is a hard decision to make, and we knew that Mother, especially, and also Shirley, would be greatly disturbed if we should decide to change. But as we rode around together, trying to sell books, the idea was discussed over and over.

One night in early July, we got to Americus, Georgia, and found a boarding house, the cheapest lodging available. The people there told us there was a revival going on at First Baptist Church, and invited us to attend, which we did. When we got there, somehow they invited us to be in the choir, which we did, all four of us, and pepped up the music considerably. When we got back to the boardinghouse, the subject came up again. Ernest had reached a point of decision. He said "I'll back you fellows out. I'll join the Methodist church if you'll join the Presbyterian." In that instant my decision was made. I said, "You won't back me out. I'll do it."

The decision was final, and had to be acted on. So we communicated it to Mother and Shirley right away. Ernest got in touch with the Bishop or somebody. Since he had been ordained he was received as an elder, and in November, when conference met, he was appointed to a circuit away back in the hills, just about the bottom of the ladder. But he went into it heart and soul, and for 35 years he served happily and successfully in various churches, generally staying four years at each place. Two more children were added to the family, Randell in 1925, who with wife Louise lives in the Atlanta area and their three children, Steven, Ernest, and Patty, all grown; and Anne, born in 1937, who married Don Barton and lives somewhere near Beaufort, South Carolina, with two daughters. Margaret married Andrew Weldon, their four are: Ellen, David, John and Andrea, and their home is in Griffin, Georgia. Ernest, Jr., just after being commissioned as an ensign in the Navy during World War II, was killed when the car in which he was riding was hit by a locomotive. (Randall quit school to enlist in the Army, fought all through the war in the Pacific and reached the rank of sergeant.) Everett, after college and a year or two of teaching served two years in Brazil as teacher of missionary children, came home in 1942 to enlist in the Marines, went to officer school, staying in after World War II as a career officer, fought in Korea, retired after twenty years with the rank of major, and went back to teaching. He married Julia Corliss, they have two adopted sons, Donald and Bill, and a daughter Nancy, all grown and married. Everett and Julia live at Beaufort, South Carolina, at this writing. Ernest and Winnie live in active retirement in College Park, Georgia.

A week, or maybe two, after we had communicated our decision, just when we were at the very end of our book selling adventure, we checked our mail at Cartersville, Georgia, and found a letter urging us to come to Atlanta at once. When we got there, Owen told us that some people in the Christian church (we knew that it was he and Judge Hathcock, a dedicated layman of some means, who had put up \$100 for that purpose, and we afterward repaid the money to Owen) felt that our decision was hasty, that we should know more of our own church before deciding to change; and to that intent they offered transportation, tuition and board to a Bible institute then being conducted for the Summer by an evangelist of that church, one John W. Tyndall, who had leased the facilities of Milligan College, near Johnson City, Tennessee for the purpose. We had no idea of reconsidering our decision, but we accepted gladly, as this gave us something to do for the rest of the summer, and a place to eat. We even hoped when might get some college credit toward it, but found

that the institute that no connection with the college. But we were saved by the bell.

We got there almost penniless, but our wants were few. Of our meager store we paid \$3.50 for a used electric iron, and we did our own laundry. We found about 100 people there, families, young people, children, all seemingly happy, and all of them believing in anything Tyndall said. There was one young minister whom we had known in Georgia, and in whose mind the doubts we sowed soon began to grow. One of the first things people asked us was, "Are you going to eat breakfast?" We said, "Of course, as long as it is served." But they explained that Dr. Tyndall had said it was a sin to eat breakfast, proving it from the Bible, one versus saying, "Eat in due season," and another, "Woe be to that land whose princes eat (meaning feast, of course) in the morning". We said, "Nonsense!" And we said it openly. On our arrival, probably not over 10% of the people were eating breakfast, but the attendance began to pick up. Since Tyndall bought the groceries, the no-breakfast doctrine had a very practical aspect.

Tyndall had written a book entitled, THE GOSPEL FOR THREE WORLDS, the import of which was that people who had rejected the Gospel in this life would have another chance to after death. We openly scoffed at it. In class, his Biblical interpretations were so utterly fantastic that we could not keep silent, but felt compelled to argue with him - always very respectful, "But Dr. Tyndall, if that is so, then how do you interpret the scripture that says...?" He won all the arguments, of course, but people were listening to us, people who had never even thought of doubting anything he said. We felt like serpents in Eden - everything we touched seemed to disintegrate. And people began to leave. By the end of the summer the number was down to a handful. But it was a beautiful place, the weather was good, we climbed mountains and enjoyed ourselves.

And one really constructive thing came out of it. We had got somewhere a copy of Huddleston's [Essentials of New Testament Greek](#), and each day we did two lessons in it. By the end of the summer, we had finished the book, and back at seminary we found that we were not only able to keep up with the others in the New Testament Interpretation class, but to surpass them, and to make up the credit we had lost the year before.

We went back to Columbia in faith and hope, not knowing how we were going to manage financially. We had borrowed \$50 from Dad, which we afterward repaid, to pay our railroad fare and buy a minimum of clothing -- and a secondhand tennis racquet. We had never played tennis, but it was in the badge of belonging, and we were determined to belong. We hoped that there were scholarship funds for our board. (There were.) The first Sunday we were there we joined the Arsenal Hill Presbyterian church, and at the October meeting of presbytery we were received as candidates for the ministry. And we found that there was a resource we had not even dared to hope for -- that each candidate was entitled to receive from the Christian Education Committee \$150 per year, payable in four installments -- the boys called it "The Ship of Zion." It was a loan, which was to be repaid if our salary after graduation was \$1,800 or more, but in our case did not have to be a repaid. And another advantage was that a clothing store run by the Presbyterians was willing to sell clothes to seminary students on credit, to be paid in installments after graduation. That was a real help, and every cent of it was paid. And if we were lucky, (we had hoped for that, but did not get much of it in our middle year) we might be called on now and then to supply a pulpit.

The University of South Carolina was only about eight blocks from the seminary, and in the second semester we matriculated there for a three hour course in psychology, and taking exams for entrance credits. Altogether, that year and the next, we

worked out sixteen semester hours there, in addition to our seminary courses. We had become interested in foreign missions, and had made an application for appointment. The board would not consider us unless we had a degree, which we were determined to get. The summer of 1924 I had fieldwork in Florida, George in Kentucky, and when we got back for our senior year we felt like we really belonged. But we still lacked many hours of college work to get our degrees. We corresponded with many home missions superintendents in an effort to locate work near colleges, where we could complete this work. We could be, and were, ordained under the extraordinary clause without the degree; but we wanted to get it. We finally both landed places in Tuscaloosa Presbytery, where we could go to the University at Tuscaloosa. It was meager pay, bad roads, and a long way to drive, but we both attended there the year of 1925 / 1926. The university gave us 36 hours of credit for some subjects we had taken at seminary, so that by taking twenty hours or so we could finish in two years. George moved to Mississippi in 1926, and stayed out a year. I got my B.A. in 1927, and in 1927 to 1928 George committed to "Ole Miss" in Oxford - somehow he got a pass which enabled him to ride for free on the conventionally running trains - and got his B.A. in 1928. And because we had completed the course for the B. D. at seminary, except for the required bachelor's degree, we went back and proudly walked in the academic procession to receive our B.D. degrees at the first commencement at the new campus in Decatur, Georgia. We felt that we had a right to be proud - starting without even a high school diploma, and with very little assistance, we had completed in five years the course that normally required seven, and in addition had furnished the major portion of Mother's support.

In June of 1927 I moved to Calhoun City, Mississippi, where I had a home mission field of five churches, scattered over two counties. The salary was \$2,000 per year, but no manse, and of course no allowance for the very considerable travel expense involved. But on the strength of this I bought a new car, a Chevrolet coupe, price \$760, less \$75 allowance for my worn out Model T. Mother went along, we got a little apartment where we lived in reasonable comfort. She was still frail, but had gained enough strength that she could do light housework and a lot of writing.

At seminary we had heard the venerable Dr. McPheeters urge on those who would study theology the duty of studying German, because so much important theological writing had been done in German. Two years of one foreign language was part of the requirements for the B.A. degree, and we had chosen to take German. (We also had a little French, as elective.) During George's year at Ole Miss he was in a German club, which put on a very amusing comedy in German entitled EIGENSINN (Stubbornness), as a part of the traditional Mother's Day celebration in May. George had the leading part in it. I took Mother to Oxford to see it, and although she did not understand a word, it made her very proud, for George was always her "baby." As we studied German we learned of how German militarists before World War One had had such visions of the triumph of Germany in the war that they felt was inevitable, that they looked forward to it, and drank toasts to "Der Tag" (The Day).

In Presbyterian government, all ministers are supposed to be equal in authority. That is the theory but it often fails realization in practice. The story of the tyranny of autocratic home mission chairmen and superintendents would fill a large book, and we feel that we could contribute to some important chapters. In the summer of 1928 neither of us was happy in his situation, and we felt that if we could find an opportunity to do some advanced study, it would be the best way out. Besides, our appetites for study had been whetted by our past experiences. We wrote letters to many institutions and finally came up with an offer from Auburn Seminary, at Auburn, New York (since merged with Union Seminary in New York) of two

graduate fellowships, paying \$250 per year each. Since there was no tuition charge, that would cover normal expenses for a year.

The opening date was that September 19, with an evening reception. We sent Mother on a visit to Kentucky, whence she would follow us to Auburn; we traded in George's car on a new one to be purchased when he got back; and we planned to leave on Monday morning, September 17, setting as our goal arrival by 5:00 PM, on the 19th, that is, in time to get cleaned up before dinner. We wanted to stay through the third Sunday of the month, hoping the churches would be generous and pay as for the whole month. (They didn't.) I preached at Toccopola that night, then spent the night in the home of one of my deacons who had moved to Augsburg. George preached at Vaiden, and caught the night train, then arrived in Oxford at 4:00 AM. I was at the station to meet him, ready to set out at once; as soon as he got off the train I greeted him with the words "Der tag!" It was a moment charged with emotion. We were setting out, in faith and hope, on a big adventure; we were going to see something of the big world. This was it: it was "Der Tag"; and our timing was pretty good. After logging 1,245 miles, we parked in front of the dormitory at Auburn at 4:55 PM on Wednesday, September 19, 1928.

We were especially interested in working in Semitic languages, because we had found Hebrew so very interesting. And at Auburn we had found a man who did not seem to be disturbed at all by the fact that our studies meant a lot of extra class work for him. Dr. W. J. Hincke, German born, really knew the subject matter, and was a bear for work. Under him we struggled with Arabic, Aramaic, Syriac, and Assyrian, besides a course in Hebrew poetry. The hardest was Assyrian. And it was a good thing we had studied German, for the only text books available for Aramaic, Syriac, and Assyrian were written in German. It was rough going, but we made it. And financially we were lucky, for we both got churches to supply, which, although they did not pay much, kept us going pretty well that year. We got our Th.M. degrees in May.

We had been wondering what to do next, and we wanted to go on for a doctorate. But before that, we needed summer work. Just when all our prospects seemed to have fallen through, out of the blue sky came an job offering the both of us summer work in the Presbyterian Church in Canada, in the maritime provinces. George's turned out to be in New Brunswick, mine in Nova Scotia.

We put Mother on the train to go back to Georgia, where she lived with Shirley for a while, until in the Fall she was found to have tuberculosis, and was admitted to the state hospital where all the cost was born by the state. And that was a break for us, because during the school year of 1929 to 1930, though we had scholarships to cover board and most school expenses, we got very little supply work, and simply could not have stayed in school if we had had to send her money every month.

We had a very good summer in Canada, still uncertain of our next move; in fact, we almost decided to stay there. But we still hoped to finish our doctorates, and correspondence with Hartford seminary gave us some encouragement, so again we set out in hope and faith.

The man under whom we would be working was Dr. Lewis B. Paton. On our first contact with him after reaching Hartford, he told us that he had a lot of cuneiform tablets that were dug up by Arabs after a French excavation was abandoned in 1914, and had been put on the market. He had been hoping to find some students interested in working with them, as he had no time to work on them himself. When we told him that that was the very sort of thing we wanted to do, he was really on our side. He got rules waived, and special concessions by the faculty, without which we could never have finished the doctorates in that one year. There were about 1500 tablets in the

collection, about half of them neo-Babylonian stuff that we considered trash, but the others all from the Third Dynasty of Ur, somewhere about the time of Abraham. We had never tackled Sumarian before, though it was impossible to learn Assyrian without learning a good bit of Sumarian too.

Except for one reading course in Arabic, in which we read most of the Koran and a book of Muslim theology among other things, we had very little class work that year, and almost all our time was spent on the tablets. Dr. Paton arranged a special place to work, and gave us a lot of freedom. We decided arbitrarily to attempt 100 tablets each for our study, all in the reign of a certain king, and we were able to carry out that rather ambitious plan. The title of my thesis was SELECTED TEMPLE DOCUMENTS OF THE REIGN OF BUR SIN, OF THE THIRD DYNASTY OF UR. George's was identical, substituting Gimil Sin for Bur Sin.

Money was scarce. We worked at all sorts of jobs, on the campus, shoveling snow in winter, rolling and fertilizing lawns in the Spring; in the Christmas holidays we got to work at the Post Office a few days; and I had the job as part time chauffeur of a fine Lincoln car for an 80 year old woman, a Mrs. Adams, of the famous Adams family of Massachusetts - a very fine, considerate person, whom I should have felt honored to serve for nothing. And the fact that she paid me a dollar an hour made it that much better.

There were three schools comprising the Hartford Seminary Foundation - the Hartford Theological Seminary, the Kennedy school of Missions, and the Hartford School of Religious Education. At the commencement, there were about 100 graduates, bachelors, masters, and doctors in each of the three. The doctors in the seminary came last, because it was the oldest; and George and I were the last on the list except a Chinese named Zi. When our turn came, the Dean whispered something to the President, and I feared that even at that hour something had gone wrong. But instead he read out George's name, and the title of his thesis, and then said, "And lest they be separated..." and had us both go down together. We had always been together, and they thought it was fitting that the degrees should be awarded together.

Through all that year we had been seeking some place where we might make use of the learning we had got, but Semitics is a very limited field, and there seemed nothing available. I concluded that the Lord has his own way of dealing with people, and that where he really wanted me was in the pastoral ministry. Through a friend I had established contact with the Presbyterian church at Linden, Alabama, so we went to Linden, in the new good hope of a call. It turned out they were not ready to call a pastor just then, but were willing for me to serve as supply for a time on a very meager salary. George very soon received a call to the church at Uniontown, Alabama, not far away, but it was six months before I got a call. Many churches were fearful or suspicious of a man who had studied anywhere outside the safe and conservative South. I was almost in despair when in November I got two leads, invitations to visit two fields on successive Sundays, one in Georgia, the other in Memphis Presbytery, at Hickory Withe and Oakland. An elder at Oakland asked me if I was disposed to accept if called. I replied, "Last Sunday I visited the church in Georgia; my view of predestination is that one of these places will call me, and the other will not, and I intend to accept the one that calls me." Predestination or not, the church in Georgia did not call me. The call from Oakland reached me about December 22, and that from Hickory Withe was in my post office box on Christmas morning.

Mother had left the hospital without being dismissed, as she could not stand the regime any longer. She was not cured, but was considerably stronger, and felt able to live alone. There was no suitable place for her in Uniontown or Linden, and we

found a place in Selma, 30 miles from Uniontown. We visited her as often as we could. But she had somehow got in touch with somebody in Eustis, Florida, by sheer coincidence that place where Owen had been pastor before going to Whitesburg, and had made an arrangement for an apartment there. That Christmas Day George and I went to Selma, and took her to dinner at the best hotel, and afterward put her on the train for Florida.

The stock market crash was in October, 1929; and by Christmas 1930 the Depression was already severe, though destined to become much worse. Getting the call when I did left me with a feeling that I had had on many occasions over the past eight years, that by running hard I had barely caught the last car of the last train to leave before the earthquake. All that we had accomplished had been a product of strenuous effort and a special set of circumstances. If we had not done it then we could not have done it that all. Call it fate, or luck, or providence, that was the way it was. And it could have been done only by the two of us together; singly, neither one could have done it.

But now the time had come for us to separate. During all those years we had done everything together, had had all our money in a fund. From this point on, our ways have been separate, and have diverged widely. George stayed at Uniontown two years, then, still wanting to teach, he got a place in the English department at the University of Alabama, from which he was dropped the next year when the depression forced the state to cut the budget. He knocked around for a while, working at various jobs, then gained some practical experience as a photographer, and about the end of 1935, through an ad in a magazine he landed a job as photographer and reporter with the daily News-Standard of Uniontown, Pennsylvania. His success there lead to a job with the Pittsburgh Press which he held for many years, retiring December 31, 1973. During those years he did supply preaching much of the time, but writing was really his life from then on, and he has had several books published, mostly in the field of Pennsylvania history. In December, 1936 he was married to Ruth Isabel Kulamer, and their family includes two sons and a daughter, all grown up and married and away. George Jr., is an electrical engineer, and lives in Virginia, not far from Washington D.C., with his wife, Fran, and children Marybeth, and Billy. Ann married David Perry, who became a psychiatrist, and their marriage ended in divorce, leaving her with a daughter, Noelle, and an adopted son, Nathan. John is a Ph.D. in sociology, a professor at University of Nevada, and has a wife, Laurel, and a daughter, I think her name is Molly. George and Ruth live in a great big house called Mattimer's Haunt, in Glenshaw, a suburb of Pittsburgh.

After saying farewell to Mother in Selma - except for three brief visits, I never saw her again - I went back to Linden, packed my few books and other belongings into the car, and on December 30 started for my new place. The salary named in the call was \$1820 per year and a manse, in which I planned to live alone until I could do better. In the afternoon of New Year's Day, 1931, I landed in Hickory Withe, and as I looked about me the words of Scripture came to my mind, "Truly the lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places, yea, I have a goodly heritage."

IN-LAWS AND OUTLAWS

After the War of 1812, when treaties were made with the Indians so that lands in the western areas could be safely settled, a flood of settlers came into those areas. West Tennessee was settled mostly by people from North Carolina, and we believe the Murrells must have come from there, but we have no sure records. We have to begin with Jeffery Murrell, who, according to the gravestone in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, near Hickory Withe, in Fayette County, Tennessee, was born December 24, 1786, and died April 8, 1860. His wife Nancy -- the maiden name is not given -- was born in 1788, and died January 25, 1852. They had three children who lived: Quince (Quincy?), Amos, and BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MURRELL I.

Of Uncle Quince we know very little. The first wife's name is lost to us, but we know that she bore a son, Quincy. The second wife was named Cook, and by her he had two daughters, May and Nannie. The family left Tennessee many years ago, going westward, and all touch with them has been lost.

Uncle Amos married Corinna Mebane, and they had three children: Mildred, who was a hunchback, and never married; Annie, who married Will Mayo, and made her home in Somerville, Tennessee, whose family is shown in the genealogical table; and Amos Gordon (Cousin Gordon to Kit), who married Mary Matthews, who thereby became "Cousin Mary", not only to Kit, but to me as well. Dead now for many years, she was active in the church when I went to Oakland and Hickory Withe as pastor in 1931; and used to play the old fashioned reed organ, and lead the choir, with one of the sweetest soprano voices I ever heard. (That organ, which nobody cared to play anymore, was given by the church at Oakland to the church in Garanhuns, Pernambuco, Brazil, and taken by us when we went back after our furlough in 1944.) She was very dear to us for a number of reasons, one of which was that she was Kit's music teacher, and gave her much encouragement in her music, sometimes teaching without pay in the periods of financial reverses. "Cousin Gordon" and "Cousin Mary" had a son, Amos, who died in childhood, and a daughter Evelyn, who married Troy A. Tomlin, a lawyer. They have three children, Gordon, called "Buh", who married Ann Walters, and has daughters Mary Ester, Margaret Ann and Janet; William, and Mary Evelyn (Polly).

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MURRELL I was born July 14, 1815, and died September 10, 1865. He married Mary A. Bondurant, called "Mittie", daughter of R. M. Bondurant. She was born November 3, 1825, and lived less than thirty years, dying January 26, 1855. Besides those who died in infancy, there were two children in this family, Mary, who married a Polk, moved away and lost touch with the family; and BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MURRELL II, known as Ben Murrell.

Ben Murrell was born December 20, 1852, and was therefore a little over two years old when his mother died, less than thirteen when his father died. Uncle Amos brought up the two children of his brother. The Murrells had slaves of course, and there was a slave boy, Billy, who was Ben Murrell's companion in his boyhood, and ever after remained a close friend, loved and respected by all the family, subject, of course, to the caste system that remained in force throughout the South for so long. The younger ones call him "Uncle Billy", and many of the Murrell family attended his funeral at Bell Grove Baptist Church, probably about 1920.

(Reviewing the history above, I perceive that neither Uncle Amos's family was long deferred, or there was an another generation that my meager records left out; for Cousin Gordon was much younger than Ben Murrell, I would guess that he was born about 1870).

Ben Murrell had a good education, but I have no information about his schooling. We have a photocopy of a letter he wrote in longhand in 1908, on the occasion of the birth of his first grandson. It is a nice, even handwriting, and the language is good. He was elected county trustee, and held the office for twenty years or more, and had the respect of the whole county.

Ben Murrell was fond of hunting, and in the letter just referred to he told about the purchase of a fine English shotgun, a double barrel with single trigger. At his death this gun passed to his youngest son, James Robert, the only one that cared much for hunting, and though he is still fond of hunting, James Robert has passed it on to his son, so it is still in the family. Senator McKellar and other prominent men from Memphis used to come out for hunting parties with Ben Murrell.

Ben Murrell was twice married, and in those days when large families were the rule, his was outstanding. There were seventeen children from the two marriages, twelve of whom lived to be grown, and of these all but one had families of their own, some of them large. People joked about the size of the family, saying that it was necessary to call the roll to see if all were present; and it really seemed so, for one night when they made the round of the children's beds, one little girl, Lucy, was not found in her place. Search was made immediately, and at last she was found, sleeping in her favorite play place, the faithful collie dog watching over her.

The first wife was Evelyn Horton Riddick, who was born December 8, 1854, and died January 12, 1896. She was the daughter of E. G. Riddick, who came from England, and who held a Doctor of Science degree, and his wife, Harriet Ann Coakley Mayo. It is through her that those in the family who were interested in belonging to the D.A.R. have been able to establish their rights to do so, since she was a direct descendant of Lieutenant Benjamin Coakley, of the Continental Army, as is shown in the accompanying genealogical tables. She had a brother, Thomas Kader Riddick, who became a lawyer, practicing first in Somerville, and afterward in Memphis, and becoming highly successful. Our thanks to Evelyn Maxson for the following information:

The following was taken from North Carolina state records, Vol. 24, page 230:

Riddick Kader, court to meet at house of 1778 (4) Hertford County divided into Gates and Ct to meet 1st Monday in April next at house of Kader Reddick, Capt. Jos. Reddick Sr., the said Kader Reddick's father was comissioned Captain in the Colonial Militia from Perquiman's Co., N.C. Dec. 17th, 1754. N.C. Col. Records Vol. XII, page 361.

The first mention of the Riddick family is James Riddick who was Burgess for Nansemond County, Virginia, 1718-22. The next Lemuel Burgess 1736-1775, a delegate to the state convention of 1775, also record of Lemuel Riddick who resigned as director of the Episcopal Church in Suffolk in 1775 after having served continuously for forty (40) years. This is believed to be the same the individual, the son of the James above mentioned and father of Micajah and Capt. Joseph Reddick (father of said Kader Reddick)... Another mention is made of Col. Willis Riddick - Burgess from Nansemond County, Virginia, 1756-75, and a delegate to the State Convention, 1775-76, and a son of Lemuel.

The following was taken from the proceedings of the Virginia Convention, held in March, 1775, Saint John's Church, Richmond, Virginia: "*The conservatives who wish to postpone action were Richard Bland, Edmund Pendleton, Robert Carter Nicholas, Benjamin Harrison, and Willis Riddick.*"

The convention records show that Lemuel and William Riddick were present at the

convention on Monday, March 23, 1775. They were from Nansemond.

Kader Riddick is a revolutionary ancestor. This can be documented in the military record, North Carolina Historical Commission Certificates Revolutionary War Vouchers which can be found in the Comptroller's Office.

Kader Riddick married Elizabeth Garrett at Chowan county, North Carolina, in 1771. They had four children:

Thomas Riddick
Edward Riddick
James Riddick (born 4-20-1784, married Elizabeth Houghton)
Sarah Riddick

General Joseph Riddick (brother to the said Kader Riddick) has a record as senator for 26 years.

Kader Riddick was a patriot and gave material assistance during the revolution.

Public service

No. 2142 L6. 13. 4

State of North Carolina, Edenton district:

This may certify that Kader Riddick's claim being exhibited were allowed for six pounds thirteen schillings and four pence specie as by report of the Board of Auditors.

Dated this 26th day of August, 1783.

(Endorsed) Kader Riddick

Claim

478

6. 13. 4
1. 10. 5

L8. 3. 8

(Comptroller's Office)

Evelyn Horton Riddick Murrell was the mother of eleven children, nine of whom lived to be grown. One died in infancy, and the name has been lost. One, Hattie (Harriet) died in early childhood from drinking lye, or some other substance used for household cleaning.

The eldest child, Mary, married Dr. Ernest Parrott, and died after giving birth to two sons, Ernest Jr. and Murrell. Though her husband soon remarried, he kept in touch with the Murrel family, and was much beloved as "Uncle Ernest." He practiced medicine for many years in Cordova, Tennessee.

Aunt Sarah was originally named Sally; but when she grew up and became an old maid schoolteacher she felt that Sally was not sufficiently dignified, and changed it to Sarah. It was she who insisted that the word Aunt should be pronounced "ahnt"; with the result that Kit and her brothers and sisters fell into the habit, ever since kept up, of calling the aunts on the father's side "ahnt"; while those on the mother's side were called "ant". Aunt Sarah finally married Bob Jones, but never had any children. She was somewhat peculiar in some of her ways, but we loved her; and when she died, about 1963, she left a considerable estate, which, when divided among the many nieces and nephews, gave us enough to make a down payment on a retirement home, and that makes us remember her even more fondly.

Next in order was BENJAMIN HORTON MURRELL, who was born in 1882 and died in 1958. There will be much to say it about him in another chapter; now let us pursue the rest of the numerous tribe of Murrells.

Next was Aunt Mittie. We remember her as a kind and loving person, not a meticulous housekeeper, but an outstanding cook. She married Henry Nelms, who we considered to be the most peculiar of all our kin. In our family, when any of the children did anything that seemed unreasonable, we used to say that that one took after Uncle Henry. He served in the Spanish American War, and afterwards taught school in the Philippines for two or three years. He got a job as a rural mail carrier at Oakland, and they made their home there. Uncle Jeff and Uncle Kader also lived at or near Oakland, so that a good many cousins grew up together. Aunt Mittie had seven children. The eldest was Mittie Evelyn, called Evelyn, who married Howard Maxson, and lived most of her life in Nashville, where they still live as of this writing, their two children, Howard and Nell, with their families, near them. Evelyn is working on a history of the Murrell family, which will be much more extensive than this brief treatment. The second child was Emelyn, who married Rudolph Ritter, and has a son Robert. I officiated at their wedding, which took place in the manse at Hickory Withe. As Emelyn has grown older, she seemed, to others in the family, to become more like her father. She lives in Memphis, and her hobby is genealogy. Doubtless she would be able to answer many of the questions left unanswered here. After her came Lucy Boone, who married Harry Miller, and had three children, Harry, Lucy Boone, and Patricia. They lived in Arkansas, the last I heard. Emelyn was about the same age as "Sis", while Lucy Boone was Kit's age, but in their childhood and youth, Kit was closer friends with Emelyn, Sis with Lucy Boone. Next came Ben David, who was retarded, and died at 22; and after him Patrick Henry, a brilliant boy, who died at age twelve of septic poisoning, only a year or so after Kit's brother Browder died at about the same the age, of the same type of infection. Then there was Murrell, who married Florence Miller, and had a daughter Elizabeth, and then Harriet Ann, called "Bitsy", who married Stanley Whittington.

The college most favored by the Murrells was University of Tennessee at Knoxville, and several of them went there, I am not sure how many. Aunt Nona, it must have been when she was almost through college, elected to spend the time and money that college would have cost on a trip to Europe, with her father's consent. And it seems that she took Aunt Lucy with her, though there was a six or seven year difference in their ages. Somewhere, in college or in Europe, Aunt Nona met and married a professor of German named H. Z. Kipp, and they settled in New London, Connecticut and had three children: H.Z., Mildred, and Richard. But Aunt Nona continued to maintain contact with her kin in Tennessee, visiting from time to time, and sending gifts on Christmas and birthdays to her nieces and nephews. We remember Aunt Nona especially because when we were sailing for Brazil in January, 1938, she came from New London to New York to visit us at the Prince George Hotel, and to see us off on the SS Southern Cross. And she gave us GONE WITH THE WIND as a bon voyage gift. George and Ruth also come to New York to see us off, and they became very attached to Aunt Nona, and continued to keep in touch with her throughout her life. She died before 1960, I think. Later, Kit says.

Next was Edward G., "Uncle Ed", who graduated in engineering at University of Tennessee, and settled in Chattanooga. He married a woman named Mabel, but her maiden name is lost to us. They had three children, Mabel, Ann, and E.G.. There was very little contact between them and the Murrells in west Tennessee, but it changed when we visited Evelyn in Nashville in August, 1974. Mabel, who lives in Nashville, was invited to have supper with us there; and on the same trip as we visited Benjamin in Chattanooga, Ann, whose married name was Jones, and who lives at Rising Fawn, Georgia, near Chattanooga, came by there, and we got to meet her. E.G. lives

in Nashville.

Next was Thomas Kader, "Uncle Kader". He attended the University of Tennessee, studied electrical engineering, but did not graduate, I never heard why. He bought a local telephone company in Oakland, and maintained it, until his death in 1934. He married Otie Boswell, and they had eight children. Aunt Odie operated the telephone exchange until her death in 1956, and about that time the company was taken over by the Bell system. Uncle Kader was noted as a gardener. I remember that when I told him of the problem I had with nut grass in my garden at Hickory Withe, he said, "I don't mind nut grass in the garden; what it takes to deal with it, takes anyway to have a good garden." He and Aunt Odie were much loved by all the nieces and nephews. The first child was Thomas Kader, Jr., known as T. K.. From his early childhood he was lame in the feet, some thought it was due to his father's playing too roughly with him in his infancy, but it must have been a mild case of polio that went undiagnosed. He and Benjamin were near the same age, and played together a good deal. In spite of his handicap, T. K. has had a good life. He became an accountant, and has had a successful career. He lived in Memphis for a long time, then went to Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and then to Texas. On our trip to Mexico in 1971, we spent the night at his home in Richardson, Texas, a suburb of Dallas, and were glad to get acquainted with his wife, Marie, and their only child, Thomas Kader III, who was about ready for college, and interested in engineering. Since then they have moved to another place in Texas, but we have lost the name of the place. Mary Odie was next. She married Alfred Hodge, and went to live on a farm near Hickory Withe. Their daughter, Jane, was born in 1948, their son, John, in 1951. Next was Sarah, who married James Sooter, and had three children, Jimmy, born in 1948, Donna Jo, and Roxie. I think they live somewhere near Washington D. C.. Franklin Boswell and his wife Sarah have three children, Richard, Deborah, and Jonathan Dwight, and live in Iowa, I think. Annie Laurie married James Hobson, and had two children, Anne Marie and Thomas. Walter Lawrence married Mary Nell McQueen, and they have one son, Walter Lawrence, called Lawrence. They live in Oakland, on the same lot where the family grew up, but the old house has been torn down, and a new one built. Charles Curtis and his wife Gussie have a son named Charles. And the youngest, Dorothy, born in 1931, married Kenneth Hathaway, and has two children, Sherry and Kenneth Ray. Charles and Dorothy both live in Memphis, I believe.

Then came Walter Jeffrey - it's funny how that name Walter keeps cropping up among the Swetnams, among the Murrells, and also among the Graces, as we shall see -- "Uncle Jeff". He married Curtis Warner of Somerville. She was Episcopalian, and throughout her life continued to support the little Episcopal church in Somerville. They had two children, William Horner, (Bill) and Louise van Dusen, (Van). During the years that Kit's family lived on the farm, 1914 to 1918, and again in the 1920s, Bill and Van were their closest playmates. Bill was about a year younger than Kit, Van maybe two years younger than that. Bill was an outstanding football player in high school, and at the University of Tennessee, where he served as coach for some years after his graduation. Afterwards he moved to California and married, and we think there were children, but we do not know their names. Van married Timothy Coradini, and had Tim, Curtis, Laurie, John and Jeffery. They lived in Memphis. Curtis was retarded, and was taken by Uncle Jeff and Aunt Curtis, who were able to give her more intensive care than was possible in the home with the other children. I have not heard what arrangements were made for her after their death. Uncle Jeff bought out the other heirs, and kept the home farm together. It is situated between Oakland and Hickory Withe, about half a mile north of US Highway 64. He and Aunt Curtis died in the early 1970s. I believe one of Van's sons plans to operate the farm. Away back in the dim past, Kit's father and his brother Jeff had a falling out over a game of cards, and there was a coldness between them for many years; notwithstanding that, Uncle Jeff and Aunt Curtis were always very dear

to the nieces and nephews, and even to us in-laws.

Last of the children of Evelyn Horton Riddick Murrell was Lucy, who married Charles McNeil, and made her home in LaGrange, Tennessee. Her children were Sarah Frances, Katherine and John. John was killed a few years ago in a tractor accident. I believe he left a family, but do not know the names. As of this writing, Aunt Lucy is still living in LaGrange.

The outlaw of this chapter title was the notorious bandit, John A. Murrell (1809-1844), who terrorized the country from Nashville to Natchez, and even as far as New Orleans and Pittsburgh. He practiced highway robbery, river piracy, horse stealing, and other forms of crime, but his specialty was slave stealing. He would entice a Negro away with the promise of freedom, only to sell him in an adjoining county, or as near as seemed safe and practical. He was the leader of an extensive band, and threatened to lead an uprising of slaves in the Southwest, so that he was greatly feared. For some time he and his band had their headquarters at the site of the natural bridge near Waynesboro, Tennessee, an area with two or three exits, for easy escape in case of pursuit. He was finally taken, however, and served a term in prison in Nashville on a robbery charge, dying of tuberculosis shortly after being released in 1844. It seems that John A. grew up in Williamsburg County in middle Tennessee, and there is nothing except the familiarity of name to connect him with the Fayette County Murrells. However, Kit's father, when others in the family seemed to be bragging about their ancestors, would always drag him into the conversation, referring to him affectionately as "Uncle John", or "Cousin John".

Kit's father was thirteen when his mother died. We believe that he felt this deeply, and that he loved her very much, but he never talked much about her. Neither did anybody else -- to us. Somebody did tell of how she, as mistress of a large plantation with many Negro sharecroppers and other hands, felt a keen sense of responsibility for these people, and gave them much personal attention in times of illness. Another story about her is that one day her husband came home from a business trip to Somerville, and found her on the roof, attending to a place that needed repair. (There was a dormer window that gave easy access to the roof.) He scolded her soundly, telling her she had no business to be up there. Her reply was, "Somebody had to do it." Evidently she was a kind and resourceful person, but otherwise we know little about her; she died in childbirth. The baby was stillborn, and was not named.

Nor do we know how soon "Grandfather" remarried, but probably pretty soon. After all, common sense would surely weigh more heavily than sentiment for a man with family of nine, ranging in age from eighteen or nineteen down to two or three. At any rate he did marry Laura Washington, who was a distant cousin. The older children, probably finding it awkward to call the stepmother "Mother", began calling her "Cousin Laura", and so she continued. The situation of a stepmother in such a case cannot have been easy but "Cousin Laura" had the respect and love of all the family. She was a gifted person, fond of music and painting. She had fallen heir to a home near Somerville, and sometime after the wedding the family moved to that house (which was destroyed by fire many years ago). It must have been about that time that "Grandfather" was elected the county trustee. "Cousin Laura" also owned some property at Mammoth Spring, Arkansas, and after "Grandfather's" death in 1916, she moved with her children to Arkansas. She died about 1922.

"Cousin Laura" bore five children, the two youngest, Olivia and Emelyn, dying in early childhood. The first was Janie Katherine, whom the nieces and nephews, some of them not much younger than herself, called "Little Auntie" (not "ahntie, but "antie" -- Aunt Sarah's influence must have been waning). She married a pharmacist, William Lee Miller, who bought or established a highly successful

drugstore in Mammoth Spring. They had two sons, William Lee, who became a minister in the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ), and at last information occupied a responsible position in the department of higher education in that denomination, stationed at Indianapolis. The younger son, "Jimmie", became a pharmacist, then succeeded his father in the drugstore. Jimmie was killed in a plane crash in 1974. Kit was "Little Auntie's" namesake, and the tie between them had always been close. We visited them on our honeymoon, in 1932, when Jimmie was a baby, and have visited them several times since, including a brief, but very meaningful visit to her (after Uncle Bill's death) shortly before her death in 1973.

It is getting ahead of the story, but I think this is a good place to put in the story of Horton's visit to Mammoth Spring. He was a freshman, or maybe a sophomore, at Arkansas College, Batesville, at the time. On a pleasant Sunday afternoon he and a friend set out to explore a cave nearby, of which they had heard. The cave proved to be of little interest, so they decided to see if they could catch a ride to the Missouri line, neither of them having ever been in Missouri. They caught the ride easily, and Horton was surprised, at the line, to find himself at Mammoth Spring. He remembered vaguely having heard us tell him of some relatives who lived at Mammoth Spring, and resolved to investigate. He and his companion went to the drugstore, the only place to open on Sunday afternoon, and Horton said to the druggist, "I'm looking for some relative of mine, whose name is, or use to be, either Swetnam, or Stafford, or Murrell, or Grace." The druggist, Uncle Bill, said, "Well, my wife's name is Janie Murrell." When Horton told who he was, Uncle Bill called his wife, and they had a very nice visit. Then they set out to catch a ride back to Batesville, but by that time it was almost night, and people were not picking up hitchhikers. Neither of them had any money, but the companion had a checking account, and thought maybe he could get somebody to cash the check. Ashamed to go back to Uncle Bill, they tried a filling station, but the man was suspicious of them, and called the police, who were even more suspicious. (There had been a number of bad checks passed there a short while before.) So at last they had shamefacedly to appeal to Uncle Bill and "Little Auntie", who cashed the check for them, and took them in a car to a nearby village called Evening Shade, where a bus could be caught. When they got back to the college they discovered that people were out searching for them, thinking they had got lost in the cave.

Next after "Little Auntie" was Wylie. He married Bill Miller's sister, Josephine, and when we visited there on our honeymoon, they were living near "Little Auntie", and had one child, Wylie Junior, always known as "June". But the marriage did not last. Wylie had some deep-seated mental problem, and found it difficult to adjust to other people. Finally he was hospitalized in the mental hospital at Bolivar, Tennessee, and died there not long ago. We have lost touch with "June", we have a vague idea he went to Oklahoma.

The last one to live to be grown was James Robert. He had a speech impediment that bothered him greatly in childhood, and is still noticeable; but notwithstanding this handicap, he has been moderately successful, with a dry cleaning business in West Plains, Missouri. In July, 1973, we visited him and his wife, Dorothy, and were very happy to establish contact with him. The daughter, Emily Jane, who lived nearby, came over. She was rejoicing that she had just completed her master's degree. There were two sons, but I cannot recall the names. We have heard since that Emily Jane was killed in a wreck.

James Robert told us an intriguing story. He said that up to the time he started to school, his mother had kept his hair in long curls, which she tended as carefully as those of any girl. But when it was time to begin school, she reluctantly cut them off. "But", he said, "she saved them. And", pulling a shoe box out of the cabinet at his side, "here they are!" And there they were, indeed. He must have

been about 70 years old, but the curls, a beautiful, golden brown, looked as if they might have been cut off that very day.

My brother-in-law, Willard Irwin, of which more later, used to have a saying that he felt like "an in-law at a family picnic". Perhaps the reader is beginning to feel the same way as a result all these wide-spread kinfolks, present and past. But don't give up now - there's much more to come.

MORE THAN THREE GRACES

In a letter written many years ago by "Aunt Lute", wife of T.J. Grace, to Eleanor Upchurch, we have the information that Joseph Grace of Granville, Tennessee, (Granville is not shown on present day maps, but other sources suggest that it was in Smith County) [Ed. note - Granville is an unincorporated community in Jackson County, Tennessee, and birthplace of the late Senator Al Gore, Sr -WBS] married Ruth (another source says Sallie Belle) Lee, who came from Virginia, and was a first cousin of Robert E. Lee's father. To this union were born four, maybe five, sons, and three daughters, one of whom, named Mary, afterwards lived at Dixon Springs, Tennessee. The four sons were: Zach, who fought in the Civil War and was killed at Chickamauga; Oliver, who was the father of three sons, Frank, Lee, and Harvey, and daughters Mary and Maggie; Thomas Jefferson, who also served in the Confederate Army, and for a time was part of Jefferson Davis's bodyguard; and LARKIN FERRELL. A note, the source of which is lost, speaks of another son who went to Georgia, but perhaps that was Oliver. Since Virginia Grace Murrell had faint recollections of having visited relatives in Nashville in her early childhood, it may be supposed that the other two sisters may have settled there. Some years ago we were in Nashville, and I looked in the telephone directory and found the name of Oliver M. Grace Sr., whom I called. He was in his seventies at the time. He told me that two cousins of his father, Tom and Bill (he thought, but was not sure of the name) Grace, had left Smith County, Tennessee, and gone to Alabama. He mentioned Mobile, Andalusia, and River Falls.

The story is told that the mother of these Graces, on her deathbed, told the youngest two, Thomas Jefferson and Larkin Farrell, to stay together. This seems more credible if we assume that Oliver had gone to Georgia, the girls had married and gone, and only these two were left. All we know for certain is that these two brothers, sometime after the end of the Civil War, did go to Alabama, and did stay together, even to the point of marrying sisters.

It was at Clanton, Alabama, between Birmingham and Montgomery, (although Birmingham only had its beginning in 1870) in the early 1870s, that they met and married two daughters of Richard Fraser and Georgia Moncrief. But how they met, and why in Clanton, my records do not say. Richard Fraser was a cotton broker, and lived in Montgomery. He was born in 1812 in Petersburg, Virginia. His father had come from Scotland, and he believed that he was the rightful heir to considerable property in Glasgow. He made several trips to Scotland and entered into litigation about this, but lost his suit (if not his shirt.) He wrote a history of his life, which should have been interesting, but unfortunately it was destroyed when his summer home near Montgomery burned, shortly before his death. He died in 1880, hit by a train while walking on the track. (He must have been deaf.) He was twice married, first to Jane Pigram (Pegram?), who died when their one child, Virginia, (known in the family as "Sis Ginnie") was about nine years old. (She grew up, married a man named Rogers, died young, without issue.) The second wife was Georgia Moncrief, who was born in Macon, Georgia January 1, 1821. Her father had come from France to Charleston, South Carolina, and her mother, Nancy (some say Sally) Rieves, was of English descent. Georgia was only fifteen when she married Richard Fraser, and she bore him twelve children: Maggie, Mamie, Donald, Daniel, Maria Louise, (of whom more anon) William, Fannie, GEORGIA, Virginia, (Aunt Verge, who married Oliver Cromwell, said to be direct descendants of THE Oliver Cromwell -- in 1933 Kit and I visited her at Clanton) John, Alex, and Terry. Little is known about these. Of those who had families that we know about, Maggie married a Westbrook, Mamie married a Carpenter, William married Ola Cromwell, Fannie married William Rutherford, Terry married Lula Grant, and settled in Clanton.

Thomas Jefferson Grace married Mary Louise Fraser, known in the family as "Auntie".

They never had any children. She was always a bit eccentric. The following is an excerpt from a letter by Virginia Grace Murrell about 1960:

At one time when I was about sixteen or seventeen Auntie and I were in the house on Conception Street (Mobile) all alone, at least during the day. One day Auntie took me to town and bought me a hat - that prettiest I ever had. A few days later I came home, expecting to wear my new hat, but when I looked in the wardrobe, no hat. From instinct as well as experience, I knew Auntie had the hat. I didn't mention it, but wore an old one. She couldn't bear my not asking about it, so in a few days I came into my room and found the hat in the middle of my bed. Auntie was not in her room, so I set the hat in the middle of HER bed. In another day or two the hat was back to on MY bed, and I moved it quietly to hers. This exchange was made about three times when Auntie brought the hat in person one day for me to wear on a special occasion. I explained that I had no further interest in the hat, and that she'd better find someone else who would like to have it.

The funniest thing that she did, though, was to drop all the family pictures down the stairwell. I recall my mother's efforts to stop my laughter - I knew Auntie was listening.

In other ways she was a dear and nursed me through typhoid fever after Mother moved to Sister's and I was still working for Inge and Armbreck (lawyers) - in spite of things, I had a warm spot in my heart for her.

For a time the two families lived in the same house, or maybe in a duplex, and Auntie would frequently fall out with the rest of the family and for some time refuse to speak. But when this spell of pique came to an end, there was always an unfailing sign. Auntie would prepare and bring a dish of blanc mange - her invariable peace offering.

LARKIN FERRELL GRACE married GEORGIA FRASER, and they had seven children, one of whom died in infancy. They lived in Clanton, Brewton, and several other places, but their later years were mostly in Mobile. He and his brother Tom were sawmill men, but their work was more in building and establishing the mills than in the actual operation of them. Those were the days of an expanding country such that demand for lumber was great, and the magnificent forests of long leaf pine seemed inexhaustible. In spite of some disastrous fires in their mills, they prospered in a modest way, but were never wealthy, and on their death there was little for the heirs to divide.

The first child of LARKIN FERRELL GRACE and GEORGIA FRASER was Samuella, known in the family as Aunt Sam. She was born August 11, 1876, at Lomax, Alabama, and I have no accounts of her childhood. On March 23, 1898, she was married by the Reverend G. M. Sellers at the Methodist church of Georgiana, Alabama, to Austin Oliver Roche. Some of the Graces were Baptists, but Uncle Austin, who was born in Texas, had been brought up in a Methodist orphanage in Alabama -- he knew practically nothing of his ancestors -- and was a devout Methodist. Aunt Sam became a Methodist too, and their home exemplified the Methodist concept of Christianity as a way of life, of devotion to God and service to man. They lived for a time at Sistrunk, Alabama, later moving to Tallahassee, and finally making their home in Montgomery, where for many years they were among the most devoted members of the Dexter Avenue Methodist Church. Zealous and faithful, patient and kind, generous and hospitable, their example has been an inspiration to many, especially to their own family, and the many nieces and nephews and their families. In 1958, they celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary, still hale and hearty; but in 1962 Aunt Sam suffered a stroke, and after that they both went down rapidly, and the end came early in 1965. None of my own aunts was as near and dear to me as Aunt Sam.

I suppose Uncle Austin must have taken a business course after high school. He did office work all his life, earned a reasonable competence, and had a happy and successful life, though in later life he became excessively deaf. He was very fond of fishing, and managed to spend some time at it, in spite of Aunt Sam's objections.

They had three children: Eleanor Mae, Austin Jr., and Virginia Grace. Uncle Austin, in his sentimental way, always referred to Eleanor as "Sweet Eyes", and Grace as "Sweetness". I don't know what he called Austin Jr. (Another expression of his sentimental nature was his habit of greeting members of the family, men as well as women, with a kiss. My father-in-law, when he was about to meet him for the first time, was warned of this, and said, "I'll be damned if he is going to kiss me"; but he did not escape.)

Although Eleanor was the eldest, I'll begin with Austin Jr. He studied engineering, and became interested in air conditioning when it was in its infancy. He went to New York, and there he met Martha Rhodes, from Ohio, and they were married at "the little church around the corner" on October 22, 1927. They continued to live in the New York area for several years, and when we were in New York on our first trip to Brazil we visited them in their home in East Orange, New Jersey. Afterwards they moved to Indianapolis, where they still live as of this writing, at 5342 Boulevard Place. They have three children, Austin III, Edward Browning, (Ted) and Lydia Ann, all of whom are married and have families of their own. (Austin III was killed in a wreck early in 1975.)

Eleanor Mae was born December 17, 1898, and on December 26, 1918, she was married to James Taylor (Jim) Upchurch. They made their home in Montgomery, where Jim went into the oil business, and was quite successful. Jim was Baptist. Eleanor never joined his church, but their children were prominent and active in the Highland Avenue Baptist Church in Montgomery. Aunt Sam and Uncle Austin lived for a time in Abbeville, South Carolina, and the wedding took place in their home there. Eleanor and Jim had five children, the youngest born in 1932, all of them married and have families of their own, and most of the grandchildren now have families too. When we have visited Eleanor she has always had so many pictures of grandchildren and great grandchildren that we're stunned by the multitude. First came Eleanor, who married Wm. P. Kennedy Jr., a career Army officer, and an Episcopalian. Their children are Wm. P. III, Whiddon and James. Next was Irene, who married Drehr McDonald, and their children were Marianne, Elizabeth, and Drehr III. James Taylor Jr. married Jean McCord, and they had James T. III, Thomas and Sally. Elizabeth married Walter Aubfeld, (there is that name again!) and their children were Barbara, Carol, and Walter Jr. Walter was Episcopalian, Elizabeth Baptist, and they compromised by joining the Presbyterian church. John Burton, the youngest, became a Baptist minister, served for a time in a mission situation in Utah. I don't know where he is now. He married Ellen Evans, and the last I heard they had Alice and Robert. Jim suffered a stroke about 1964, and a few years later a second stroke which left him completely paralyzed, unable to speak. He died about 1972. Eleanor has become very frail, but is still living as of this writing.

Virginia Grace - called Grace - was born on September 5, 1908. On August 4, 1934, she was married in the home to William Benjamin Prescott, called Benny. They have made their home in Birmingham. Their three children, now with families of their own, are William Benjamin Jr., Walter Warren, and Rochelle.

Aunt Sam and Uncle Austin held many positions of responsibility in their church, one of which was that Aunt Sam was superintendent of the intermediate department of the Sunday School for many years. In their later years they took an active part in

the Golden Age Club, and found much satisfaction in the fellowship of other senior citizens. One year Sam was honored as Queen of the Senior Citizens of Montgomery, was written up in the paper, and appeared on a television program. How many great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren succeed them I do not know; but certainly there are many to rise up and call them blessed.

Robert Browder Grace was born March 27, 1878, at Clanton, Alabama, and died May 5, 1948. He married Ludie Dick, and they made their home at Hammond, Louisiana. "Uncle Rob" was always a timber man, either sawmilling or other phases of the timber business. For many years he operated a cabinet-making shop in Hammond, called the Hammond Screen Works, because screen doors were an important item. He and his family have been active in the Baptist church. Uncle Rob died of cancer; Aunt Ludie survived him for many years, dying in the early 1970s. They had five children. The eldest was Robert Browder Jr., known as R. B.. By his first wife he had one son, R.B. III, who was killed in the Korean war. After a divorce, R.B. made a second marriage, but had no more children. He died about 1965. The second was Lula Mae, who married Welton Hill, from Georgia, and they made their home in Hammond. They had five children, of whom the youngest, Carl, died of cancer when about five years old. When we lived in Amite, Louisiana our children were approximately the same ages of the Hill children, and they were often together, of which we were glad, as our children otherwise had little contact with their cousins. Lula Mae and Weldon are wholesome, hospitable people, and we enjoyed our fellowship with them. Their first was Bobby (Robert Browder?), about Charlotte's age, then Dick, (Richard Fraser?) and Wayne, who were not far from Horton's age, and Billy, a little older than Janie. Bobby's wife was named Janet, Dick's was Janie, the others I can't remember. Dick went to Southern Baptist Seminary, New Orleans, and was ordained to the ministry, served in the pastorate for a time, then went into secular work. Wayne majored in music, served as minister of music in several Baptist churches, but I am not sure whether he was ordained.

Ralph was the next of the Graces. He married Kathleen Walker, and joined the Presbyterian church with her, thus breaking the ranks of the otherwise solid Baptist front of the Graces of Hammond. They had one daughter, Kay, who worked in a bank for several years, then married a professor of agriculture at Southeastern Louisiana College, and they seem very happy on a little farm, with two boys, and horses.

Next was Gordon. He married Margaret Smythe, and they have two children, Salliebett and Larkin Farrell, both of whom were living in Baton Rouge the last we heard.

And last of the children of Uncle Rob and Aunt Ludie was Howard, who was the only one to get away from Hammond. Many years ago he went to Ohio to live, Columbus, I think. He married and has a family, but we have no information about them.

Sally Belle Grace (Aunt Belle) was born April 5, 1880, and Verbena, Alabama, and died July 21, 1954. She married William Arnold Seymour, an engineer, and a devout member of the Episcopal church. Their children are: Arnold, born 1902, married and Vivian Logue; Edgar, who married Ora Mae Fletcher, and has a daughter, Lynda; and Margaret. Margaret was born in 1905, and married Harold Schuler, and they have numerous children and grandchildren, as follows: Harold A. Jr., born June 27, 1922, married Patricia Short - Robert, 1950, Valeria Lee, 1952, and twin girls, Kimberly and Karen, 1953; Calvin S., born January 6, 1924, married Jane Gwin - Richard T., 1946, Gregory, 1948, Marsha, 1950, Donna Jo, 1955; W. A., born June 12, 1932, married Anne McNeely - Carol Lynn, 1955, Debra Ann, 1956; Richard Fraser, born August 28, 1936, married Sharon Logue, and the last we heard, 1958, they were expecting their first child. Aunt Belle and Uncle Arnold lived many years in St. Augustine, Florida. The Schulers, at last report lived in Miami, Florida.

Larkin Farrell Grace Jr. died in infancy in 1882. Passing over, for the moment, VIRGINIA LEE, who will be dealt with in another chapter, the next was Thomas Jefferson Grace II, who was born July 10, 1889, at Brewton, Alabama. He went to sea for a good many years. He was in at least three shipwrecks, one ship being sunk by a collision, and during World War I one ship was torpedoed, another sunk by enemy shellfire. Finally he decided he had had enough of the sea, and came to Hammond to settle down. There he worked as a carpenter. And there he met and married Bertie. Their only child was a daughter, Anna June, born about 1931. She is a spastic cripple [Ed. Note - this must be Cerebral Palsy - WBS], but was able to go to school and finish high school, and has been able to work at things that could be done at home. "Uncle T.J." experienced a real conversion after his rough life as a sailor, and he and his family have been among the most devoted members of the Woodlawn Park Baptist Church of Hammond. During the years at Amite, our children came to know "Uncle T.J." more intimately than any other Uncle, and he and Aunt Bertie were very dear to us all. He was still living when we visited there in the summer of 1970, but died not long afterward. As of this writing, Aunt Bertie and Anna June are still living in the house on Coleman street, surrounded by many friends and kin, loved by all.

Carey Henderson Grace, the youngest, was born July 23, 1893, at Brewton. About 1920 he died of a ruptured appendix, in Birmingham, leaving a widow, Gladys, and a son, Carey Jr. Aunt Gladys operated a beauty parlor in Birmingham, and supported herself and her son. So far as we know, she never remarried. We saw her for half an hour between trains in 1944, and afterward lost touch with her. Carey Jr. married a woman named Marjory, but that name is all we know about her. They had daughters Lynn and Cherry.

At this point I want to tell a story that Uncle Rob told me when we first visited them in Hammond in 1933. As I recall it, he and three or four other men were hunting together, and had four dogs. They had hunted all day, in fields where they had always been able to find quail, but without ever raising a covey. Late in the afternoon they were on the way home, and passed a swampy field with a hummock in the middle of it. Somebody suggested that maybe there could be a covey there, and without much hope they went in. On nearing the hummock, all four dogs, far apart, pointed simultaneously. As the men reached the hummock, quail rose in fantastic numbers, like a great flood of blackbirds. It was impossible to miss, they were so close together. All the hunters emptied their guns, and I can't remember the number of quail that he said they picked up. It looked like the quail were all assembled for a convention. This sounds contrary to all that we have known of the habits of quail, and am not sure how much of it to believe. However, Uncle Rob was not known as a teller of tall tales. At least I think the story ought to be preserved as a part of the hunting lore of the "good old days".

THE ENGINEER TAKES A WIFE

Benjamin Horton Murrell was born September 4, 1882, the third child and eldest son of the family which came to number twelve children. He was never one to talk very much about himself, and we know very little of his childhood experiences. His mother, of whom he was very fond, died when he was thirteen, and before long the stepmother came into the home, and about that time the family moved to Somerville. No doubt he went to high school there, but if he ever took any interest in sports I never heard of it; and he never cared for hunting or fishing. Some of the Murrells have had a reputation for quick temper, but he was never one for harsh words and quarreling; and if he ever had any fights, we never heard of it. But he was a sensitive person, who felt deeply any slight or unkind criticism, though he generally kept these feelings well hidden. And he was a loving person, though he was not demonstrative about that. His stepmother said that he was the only one of her children that never gave her any trouble, but that he was always good to her.

He liked mathematics, and when he went to the University of Tennessee it was natural for him to go into civil engineering. He never talked about his college experiences, and we know nothing about them. He did like to drink, but does not seem to have been much for carousing; and what sort of grades he made we do not know, beyond the fact that, some time in his junior year, his father complained that he was spending too much and studying too little. To what extent this criticism was justified we do not know. We do know that he resented it, and resolved to quit school and get a job. That must have been in 1903 or 1904. Perhaps the job had already been offered. The L & N Railway was then building or rebuilding a line not far from Knoxville, and the contractor in charge of the work was Arnold Seymour -- there is, or used to be, a station named Seymour -- whose wife was Sally Belle Grace.

Virginia Lee Grace -- Aunt Sam said that she was originally named Virginia Louise, and that it was so recorded in the family Bible, long since lost or destroyed, (in those days, of course there was no public registration of births) and that during her girlhood, probably because she found her Aunt Louise not very easy to get along with, she changed it to Virginia Lee -- was born January 5, 1885, at Cooper's Station, Alabama. The family moved around a good bit, but by the time she was ready for high school they were settled in Mobile. It was a close family, there was a good deal of affection between the brothers and sisters, and much of it for the parents, and Virginia felt a special love for her father. She attended a girl's finishing school in Mobile, and then took a business course, and worked as a secretary for two or three years with a firm of lawyers, Inge and Armbrack.

Before effective control for it was discovered, Mobile used to have occasional epidemics of yellow fever, and when these occurred, people who could do so went to the mountains or somewhere until the danger was passed. The last such outbreak was in 1904 or 1905, and it may have been after she had finished her schooling but before she took the secretarial job that she was free to leave the city. And since her sister Belle, married to Arnold Seymour, was then at Vonore, Tennessee, about 30 miles from Knoxville, she decided to go for a visit there.

The word got out in the camp and that the boss's wife's sister was coming, and there were several young single engineers there, all of whom were eager to meet her, as the eligible girls for dating must have been scarce or nonexistent. But while the others waited for her train to arrive, Benjamin Horton Murrell quietly disappeared from camp, hiked over the mountain to a station down the line, where he boarded the train, introduced himself, and when the train came into Vonore he proudly escorted her to the platform, to the chagrin of all the others. That gave him a headstart which the others were never able to overcome -- or maybe it was love

at first sight. A short time after this the party was transferred to Kentucky, and Arnold and Belle and Virginia lived in a house in Williamsburg, Kentucky, and the young engineer got to see her on weekends, and sometimes between. By the end of the summer, when she was called back to Mobile on account of her father's illness, which proved to be terminal, they were engaged. She continued working in the law office for about two years. After the father's death, the mother went to live with the eldest daughter, "Aunt Sam", who was married and living in Tallassee, Alabama. And it was there in that home in Tallassee, on June 6, 1907, that they were married.

Engineers move around. They first lived in Bushnell, North Carolina, where, to one from the lowlands, the mountains seemed ready to fall in on her. Then they went to Aberdeen, Mississippi, where the first child, Larkin Farrell, was born in July, 1908. By the time he was a month old, the company they were working for went broke, and many of the workers could not even collect the paid due them. Horton and Virginia went to Somerville, and during that Fall he helped out on the farm, until he landed another engineering job, this time at Waynesville, North Carolina. This job, too, was short lived, but Horton got another job with Arnold Seymour, near Sevierville, Tennessee. Virginia stayed at Waynesville, and her mother came to be with her when the second child was born in September, 1910. Horton was so far back in the mountains that it was a week before he got the news of the birth, and she was a month old before he saw her.

They named her Georgia Evelyn, for her two grandmothers. Four years later, when they went to Oakland to live, they discovered that a cousin, about the same age, bore the name Evelyn Murrell, and Virginia proposed they change the name to Elizabeth, to avoid confusion. It seemed sensible, and Virginia must have thought Horton had agreed to the change, and so the child was introduced in the community as Elizabeth; but Horton, never one to argue, never gave in, and as long as he lived he always called her Evelyn.

The summer of 1911 was a time of special happiness. Virginia wrote of it, in 1959:

He had charge of a party out of Waynesville, which took him through Henderson, Rutherford, etc., and the two children and I spent three happy months with him in camp. We moved from place to place (preliminary) and at one time camped in a man's orchard. He would get someone to drive us in a buggy while he went along in the wagon with the party. We went through Chimney Rock, Bat Cave, Flat Rock, and camped at Fletcher. Dad said the youngsters and I crossed Blue Ridge Mountains in a buggy. I finally went back to Waynesboro with the children.

(Strange, how trails cross. My parents taught at Fletcher in 1910 to 1911; we left there for west Tennessee in May, 1911.)

They continued to live in Waynesville until the Fall of 1914. And there, on November 12, 1913, their third child, Janie Katherine, was born. The law providing for registration of births in North Carolina had just gone into effect, and the doctor who attended made the registration as his first under the new law.

But they were difficult days. The job that had been so agreeable was finished. There were other jobs, but nothing permanent. In the letter quoted before Virginia writes:

We reached rock bottom when Kit was a year old. Father sent us money to come to Somerville, and gave us the farm that we couldn't make a living on. That is when we lost our furniture - the silver had already gone. Father had me send him my ring to keep for me. He built the house for us on the farm (Dad and some labor did

the work.) Father lived until Benjamin was several months old. When he died suddenly Cousin Laura (who had been our guardian angel) smuggled my ring from Father's safe so the estate wouldn't get it because she said that Father always wanted me to have it. Some of the children raised strong objection, but Cousin Laura won out. The ring went later.

And so they tried farming for a while. They lived there through 1919, and during that time Benjamin Murrell III was born on November 18, 1915, and their last, Robert Browder, who died at the age of twelve was born May 15, 1917. Then they moved to a rented house in Oakland, and back to the farm in 1922.

But the engineer was not a farmer. His garden was a model of neatness and efficiency, his ditch banks were kept clean with an engineering precision, but the main purpose of farming somehow never quite went right. In the years that cotton was high in price it should have been possible to make some money, but whatever was made was soon consumed in the less successful years, and he could never make a success of farming. He was appointed county surveyor, but that was on a piece work basis, and never enough work to make any real success. At last, about 1926, he got a job with the U.S. Engineers on the Mississippi River, which lasted 22 years, until his retirement in 1948. It was inconvenient being separated from the family, but it brought some measure of stability. The next year the family moved into Oakland again.

In 1928 he suffered a severe attack of appendicitis. Since the Engineers were under the War Department he was entitled to free hospitalization at the Marine Hospital, but refused for a long time to go, trying to believe it was just a stomach ache. Finally his boss insisted that he go, but the appendix was already ruptured, and he was transferred from the Marine Hospital to the Baptist Hospital in Memphis. In those days there were no miracle drugs to combat infection, and he was very near death, but his vigorous constitution finally won the battle. And although he was in a private hospital, the government paid all the bills.

Horton had some pronounced dislikes in the matter of food. He did not like any sort of canned meat or fish, and he could not stand garlic. During much of the time in his early years on the river he lived on a quarter boat. The cook they had was fond of garlic, and would occasionally use some in seasoning the food, in spite of his and others' strong objections. One day the cook had brought in a package of garlic, and hid it, well knowing that some of the men were opposed to it. On a Saturday afternoon, when everyone else had left the boat, Horton, feeling sure the garlic was there, went all over the boat, sniffing like a bloodhound, until he found it, and threw it overboard.

In the meantime, Virginia kept the home going. The children were growing up, and though they sorely missed having their father at home, his occasional visits were a delight to them. The events of those years in the lives of the children will be told in another chapter. But one vital element in their life was the church. Virginia had been brought up Baptist, but had joined the Methodist church with her husband. In the chapter on the Graces, I said that the Graces were Baptist; but it seems that Virginia's mother was Methodist, and all the children except Virginia went to the Methodist church with her, although some of them became Baptist afterward. Virginia, feeling a special fondness for her father, joined his church. Virginia was very active in the church, in Sunday School, the Missionary Society, and helping with the young people's work, and throughout her life the church was always a very significant part of her life.

In 1939, after the last of the children were grown up and married, Virginia closed the home at Oakland, and went to stay with her husband. He no longer lived on the

boat, and they were able to get apartments as needed, wherever his work took him. They lived at Tunica and Clarksdale, Mississippi, and at Osceola, Arkansas, and other points along the great river. And when he was stationed at the office in West Memphis, they lived in Memphis. These were rich and happy years for them, when they came to experience a degree of companionship seldom granted them before. In these years also the salary was better, and living expenses less, so that they could begin to accumulate a little money toward a retirement home they hoped for. In March, 1943, Horton suffered a severe heart attack, from which there seemed little hope of his recovery. But he surprised his doctors again, and was able to go back to work, though after this he was restricted to office work. Five years later another attack, though less severe, forced him to retire, and they built the little house in Oakland. There they had ten blessed years together, years in which their children and grandchildren could visit them often, and in which they were surrounded with old friends, and many new friends too. In spite of his heart condition he was still able to care for his yard, his garden and chickens, and even do an occasional piece of light surveying or drafting, and working slowly and methodically he could do an amazing amount of work without exerting himself unduly. His garden was a special joy to him, and an important source of food for the family, and for friends and neighbors as well. His retirement came shortly before our return from Brazil; and though we were with them for only occasional visits, for the first time I began really to get to know and love my father-in-law; and even Kit came to love and appreciate him more than ever before, and the children too, of course.

These were the golden years in another sense. From childhood he had been a professing Christian, a member of the Methodist church; but in his active years he had not been situated where he could be regular in church attendance, and one's soul grows lean under such conditions. In the years preceding his retirement, and still more after it, he cultivated the habit of regular attendance at church. And as the years went by I could perceive, and Kit and I commented on it, to each other, that he was not merely conforming to family or community standards of propriety, but really increasing in his concern for spiritual things, making a genuine growth in Christian grace.

In June, 1957, they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, an exceptionally happy experience, with almost all the grandchildren present, and many gifts and congratulations from friends and kindred, near and far. After this he lived nearly a year and a half, during which time his first three great-grandchildren were born. But during this time he was visibly declining in health, and we all felt that he could not be with us much longer. Just after Thanksgiving, 1958, he was awakened in the night with shortness of breath, and was able to speak only a few words before losing consciousness. In an hour or so he was gone.

Virginia lived on alone in the little house that was so dear to her, and this continued for nearly five years. But, as often happens when an old woman lives alone, her appetite was poor, and she felt little incentive to prepare adequate food, and her health declined sharply. In the fall of 1963 we persuaded her to give up the home, and live with us. The house was sold. She stayed with us in Amite until the summer of 1964, which she spent with "Sis" at Oakland. After our move to Citronelle she spent the Fall and Winter of 1964 to 1965 with us there, and there she celebrated her 80th birthday, being loved and appreciated by many in the community there. But after her return to Oakland in the summer of 1965, she fell and broke her hip, and was never able to get far from home base again. She made a pretty good recovery, but all this time the sands were running out. She made her home with "Sis", and for almost five years she had much happiness, in spite of the increasing deafness, gradually failing sight, and other infirmities. At last everything seemed to wear out at once, and in May, 1970 she died quietly in her

sleep. She is buried in the family plot in the Oakland Cemetery, beside her husband and her son, Browder, who died in childhood.

YES, VIRGINIA, SHE'S SWEET

Janie Katherine Murrell was born November 12, 1913, at Waynesville, North Carolina. This was during the time that Horton was working away from home so much of the time, and Virginia's mother came to stay with her for the event, and for a time afterward. After Virginia was on her feet and able to care for the baby herself, she would get the baby bathed, powdered, and dressed, and then say, "Isn't she sweet!" And her mother, in friendly badinage, would try to anticipate the remark before she could say it, and say, "Yes, Virginia, she's sweet". And surely she must have been.

And it was that sort of home. Two years later, when Benjamin was born, Dr. McAuley, who assisted at the delivery, remarked, when the baby was dressed and put into the mother's arms, and he could see the love already in her eyes, "I believe you love him already". And her reply was, "I've been loving him for nine months". In spite of many problems, with unemployment and all the evils that stemmed from it, the children were always welcomed and loved.

Janie Katherine was named for her father's half-sister, who was about sixteen years old, and much beloved. (Because she was much younger than the other aunts, the children came to call her "Little Auntie" others called her Janie.) Her namesake was called Katherine, generally shortened to Kit. (She says her mother only called her Katherine when scolding her.) Her father liked to call her "Kitty Kat".

But of course the story does not begin with her. Larkin Ferrell was already well past five when she was born. He was called Ferrell, when he got it, which was not often. His mother got into the habit of calling him "son", and the younger children called him "brother"; and when he started to school, and gave his name as Ferrell Murrell, the similarity of sound was enough that the boys started calling him "Squirrel", and the name stuck. Our children never called him anything but "Uncle Squirrel".

Georgia Evelyn, who became Elizabeth, was born in September, 1910. She too had problems with the name, for the other children, and often the mother, too, called her "Sis", and her father stubbornly called for Evelyn. When Charlotte was little, trying to say "Aunt Sis", she ended up by saying "Ni", and this name has clung to her through the years.

As already stated, in the Fall of 1914, when there seem to be no opportunity in Waynesville, the family went to west Tennessee - to Somerville first, and to the farm when the house was ready, probably in early Spring, for the crops had to be harvested before much work could be done on the house. There were Negro tenants or sharecroppers on the home place, which, a few years later, Uncle Jeff would remodel and make his home for the rest of his life. The new house was about a quarter of a mile east of the home place.

But before the new house was ready, they stayed at the Murrell home in Somerville. And there Cousin Laura was a real godsend. Virginia had never lived on a farm, and had only the vaguest notions of what a farm wife was expected to do, or how to go about it. There was hog killing, lard to be rendered, meat to be cured, sausage to be made, probably even "chitlins" to be dealt with. And the boys went hunting, and there was game to be cleaned and cooked; and much more, of course. Without Cousin Laura's help those first few months, she would have had a rough time indeed. And besides all the rest, she was pregnant again. Benjamin Franklin Murrell III was born November 18, 1915; and a year and a half later, on May 15, 1917, came Robert Browder. By that time Kit was three and a half, Sis had finished first grade in school, Squirrel the third.

Grandfather died in 1916, and sometime after that Cousin Laura took her children and moved to Mammoth Spring, Arkansas, where she had some property, and spent the rest of her life there. I never heard the story of the division of the estate. There were so many heirs, none of them could have got very much. And whatever should have been Horton's share must have been mortgaged, and eventually sold, during the period of sporadic employment and unsuccessful farming. At the end of 1919, when Kit was six, the family moved into Oakland, where they lived in a rented house for about three years. The farm was about two miles from Oakland, and Kit, who was six in November, did not start school until after the move into Oakland. However, she was able to finish the first grade in that incomplete school year.

Horton gave up trying to farm at that time. He found a few short term jobs, which kept him away from home most of the time, and in between those he worked as county surveyor, although there was not much surveying to be done. It must have been sometime in 1922 that the family moved back to the farm. There at least they had a house, no rent to pay; and they could have a garden, and cows and pigs and chickens. Kit tells of how she and Sis used to milk the cows as a regular chore. There were two or three cows, and one in particular, called Sue, was so gentile that she would let the children ride on her back.

Sometime in those years Uncle Jeff and Aunt Curtis remodeled the old home place, and made it suitable for occupancy again. There was an old abandoned schoolhouse on the farm, or near it, and along there somewhere Uncle Kader, after going broke in Mississippi, came and fixed up that house and lived in it a while, he and Aunt Otie, and some of their numerous brood. Afterward the old schoolhouse burned, they moved in with Horton and Virginia for a while, until they got the house in Oakland.

With open wood fireplaces, fire was always a hazard. Kit must have been about five when her mother sent her on an urgent errand to Uncle Jeff's. But by the time she got there her attention was diverted, until Aunt Curtis, feeling sure there was some reason for the visit, asked, "Did your mother send you for something?" And Kit, remembering all at once, said, "Oh, yes, she sent me to tell you the house is on fire". Aunt Curtis grabbed pails or whatever, and when running, but luckily the fire was already out. A stick had broken and rolled out on the hearth while nobody was in the room, and had set the woodwork of the mantle ablaze; but after sending Kit for help, Virginia had succeeded in putting it out with a pitcher of milk that was handy.

Those were difficult years. Employment was sporadic, money was scarce. Horton became discouraged and depressed. But for the children they must have been mostly happy years, with all the cousins close together. They learn to swim in the farm pond, gathered wildflowers and fruits, and hunted for birds' nests. When she was thirteen, Sis was in a tree that leaned over a gully, trying to reach a blue jay's nest, in spite of the violent protests of the jay. Somehow she lost her balance and fell into the gully, fracturing her pelvic bone in the process. The doctor took her to Memphis for x-ray examinations, and she had to spend some time in the hospital, coming home at last on the train, and then to the farm on the wagon. And while hospital expenses in those days were very modest in comparison with today's costs, still I am sure that this put an additional strain on the already overloaded budget.

It must have been the year after that that Kit and Sis went to 4-H Camp. The home demonstration agent took them in her car. The camp was held at the Normal School, now Memphis State, and it was a thrilling experience for them. Kit was always good with her hands, and she won a prize in a mat weaving project. The prize was a ticket good for a pair of shoes at one of the shoe stores in Memphis. So of course

that meant a trip to Memphis to select them, and a very proud little girl. There was also a milking contest, in which Sis and another girl competed, and Sis won the prize, a compact or something similar. So they were both happy.

In the 1920s, Tennessee was just beginning to build highways. What is now US 64 was begun in late 1924, but it was four or five years before it was fully completed. In the meantime, what with dust in the summer, mud in the winter, and chuck holes the year round, transportation was difficult. The secondary roads were completely unimproved. There was good passenger service on the railroad, the train could be caught at Oakland or Hickory Withe, about equally distant from the farm. The rural mail carriers made their rounds in buggies for the most part, though Model T Fords could make it pretty well in dry weather, and with chains could get around most of the time in winter. But in a horse drawn vehicle it was a long, cold ride. One cold day Horton and Virginia began to think about what it must be like for the mail carrier, and they filled a thermos bottle with hot coffee and took it to the mailbox. Horton was never one for writing letters, and the note he wrote this time is preserved in our family memoirs as one of the most laconic: COFFEE IN BOTTLE LEAVE BOTTLE IN BOX. A hot drink on a cold day must have cheered the mail carrier greatly.

There were no school buses. The children walked to school and back, carrying books and lunch pails. Sometimes when the weather was bad somebody was available to take them in the buggy. Kit remembers one time when a Negro man who lived on the place and was well known to them came by the school in his buddy, with a fine, high stepping horse, and offered them a ride home, which they were glad to accept. The thing that made it memorable was that after they got out of the buggy, the man called a woman nearby, saying, "You'll have to help me out to the buggy. I've been shot." He had not mentioned the wound all the way. He was shot in the leg, but what was the occasion of the shooting, or who had done it, she never heard, or does not remember. But, apparently, he recovered.

If any of the older generation of Murrells were musically inclined, I don't remember hearing of it. Virginia had had some musical training, and was able to play acceptably for church, and often did so. But there was an old "square" piano in the old Murrell home, and must have belonged to some ancestor. It must have been when they moved to the farm in 1922 that they brought the old piano to their house. It needed tuning, and one or two notes wouldn't play at all, but Virginia played it some, and she wanted her girls to have musical training. When Kit was in the fourth grade she began taking lessons from "Cousin Mary" Murrell, and quickly showed an encouraging aptitude. Sis took lessons for two or three years, but really did not care for it, and gave it up. Kit persisted. And when the old piano got so bad it could be endured no longer she would go early to school, stopping at the home of a good friend, Mrs. Clay, for a half hour or so of practice before school. "Cousin Mary", besides the inspiration that a teacher always gets from a good pupil, always had a special fondness for Kit and when, sometimes, the money situation was so difficult that it was impossible to pay for the lessons, she insisted on continuing them. Music books were hard to come by, too. But when nothing else was available she could fall back on the church hymnal, and through this she came to have a love and appreciation for the fine old hymns in it. By the time she was in the eighth or ninth grade, she had gained enough confidence that she was able to take over the responsibility of playing for church.

They walked to school; but for church they could generally get the horse and buggy. On one memorable Sunday the five children went to church in the buggy, but for some reason the parents did not go. Squirrel may have been fourteen at the time, and was pretty dependable; and that would mean that Sis was twelve, Kit nine, Benjy seven and Browder five. It so happened that day that a friend of Squirrel's invited him

to go home with him and spend the day, and he went without hesitation, confident that Sis could manage everything. But on the way home they were overtaken by a severe thunderstorm, and in a few minutes they were all completely soaked. It was Summer, but summer rain can be awfully cold. Besides, it was almost impossible to see. There was an abandoned cabin by the road, and Sis drove into the yard, and they ran inside, where they took off all their clothes and wrung the excess water from them and put them back on. But they were still cold, especially the little boys. At last the rain appeared to be letting up, and they set out again, only to have the rain begin again, harder than ever. They had turned off the main road, and still had a half a mile to go, when a terrific clap of thunder startled the horse so that he began to run, and they were in imminent danger of an upset on the precarious track. What stopped him at last was a big tree blown down across the road. By that time there were in sight of the house, and leaving the horse and buggy they ran across the field. Their father saw them coming, and ran to meet them with coats and umbrellas, then went on to do something about the horse. So they were safely home, but what a day!

It was in 1926 that Horton finally got a permanent job with the U.S. Engineers on the Mississippi River. Before that he had been away from home a good deal on his various jobs; but from this time on he was away all the time, except for occasional weekends and holidays. The pay was adequate, for those days, but not munificent, and a considerable slice of it went for his living expenses on the job, and for his personal expenses. Thus Virginia never knew just how much the monthly check would be when it came, and it took careful management to make ends meet. During the Depression of the 1930s, when many men were being laid off, there was always the fear that the income would stop entirely, but it never did.

And in the meantime, the children were growing up. The school at Oakland had been a full twelve grade school, though I doubt that it ever had full accreditation. But in 1925, when Squirrel was ready for the twelfth grade, it had ceased to offer more than eleven, and he had to go to Somerville for his senior year. That meant that he had to walk into Oakland, and there catch the bus. He even tried to go out for football that year, but was forced to give that up because of transportation arrangements, which left little time for practice. He wanted to study engineering, but money for college seemed completely beyond the bounds of possibility. He subscribed to Popular Mechanics magazine, and learned a lot from that and such books as were available, and from tinkering with any piece of machinery he could get his hands on. There were a couple of old worn out Model T Fords about the place which gave him some valuable experience. Sometimes they would run, sometimes not. During that school year of 1925 to 1926, Virginia was sick a good deal, with what proved finally to be a recurrence of an old malarial infection. There were many days when Squirrel was unable to go to school because of her illness and other problems, and before the end of the year, seeing that he had lost so much time that he could not graduate, he dropped out and got a job on the highway that was being constructed. Afterward he worked for a time alongside his father on the river, on a temporary assignment. But he had not given up on the idea of engineering, and, it must have been in 1930, he was able to make arrangements to take a course in practical mechanical engineering at a school in Kansas City. This lasted about six months, and during that time he earned his board and keep by working as a maintenance man in a Jewish orphanage. This was a valuable experience for him, giving him an appreciation of Jews and their way of life. After that he got a job with a construction company in Birmingham, and through this he came to know the boss's sister-in-law, Myrtle Caton. Later the outfit went to a job in Miami, Florida, and Myrtle went along. There the romance developed, and they were married. Either before or after that, Squirrel got a job with the dairy there, operating the machinery used for dairy products, and this was his work for the rest of his life. Mollie Ann was born in late 1933, Virginia Lee (Ginny, or sometimes Jenny) in 1935.

A few years later they went back to Birmingham, where they lived for several years, then for a time he had a job in Laurel, Mississippi, before finally settling in Little Rock, Arkansas, where he served many years as plant manager of the Coleman Dairy.

Myrtle was Baptist, and Squirrel joined that church, and the girls grew up in active participation in church activities. They went to Blue Mountain College, in Mississippi, for a year or two, but Ginny, at least, maybe both, graduated at Howard College, now called Samford University, in Birmingham. Ginny qualified as an airline stewardess, and worked at that for several years, then married one of her passengers, Mike Nestorwitz, a man much older than herself, and a Catholic. She accepted the Catholic faith without hesitation, and they settled near his people in New Jersey. Six children came in rapid succession, and it seemed to be a home of much love and happiness. Then Mike died suddenly of a heart attack, and Jenny was left to cope with Mike, Gina, Amy, Ben, Jimmy, and the newborn Mary Kay, which she did with remarkable competence. In 1972 she married Art(hur) van Woeart, a widower with two girls, also a Catholic. Mollie Ann worked after graduation at the Baptist Publishing House in Richmond, Virginia, where she met and married William White. They have three boys, and live, as of this writing, in Greensboro, North Carolina. William was Baptist, but somehow they became disenchanted with the church they were attending, and having formed a friendship with a Lutheran minister, they were attracted to the church, and have found its ritual and fellowship very satisfying.

Squirrel and Myrtle lived on in Little Rock and prospered. In 1969 he was making plans for retirement when it was discovered that he had lung cancer, which surgery failed to relieve, and the end came quickly. He was buried in January, 1970. On the way to the cemetery the cortège passed in front of the plant where he had worked, and all the employees were standing out front in respect. He was much loved, not only in the family, but by all who knew him. In about a year Myrtle, who had always found loneliness hard to bear, married a widower, Albert Gerney, and two lonely, sorrowful people have seemed to find a considerable measure of comfort.

The school in Oakland offered the eleventh grade in 1925 to 1926, but the next year, when Sis was ready for that grade, she had to get to Oakland in time to catch the bus, as there was still no bus to pick them up at the farm. But the next year, 1927, the family left the farm forever, and moved into Oakland, which made the school situation much more convenient. Sis graduated in 1928, valedictorian of her class, and filled with ambition for college. Money was still scarce, but that was the year of "two chickens in every pot", and anything seemed possible. The new state junior college at Martin offered very reasonable terms, and she was able to get a work scholarship, cleaning bathrooms and doing other disagreeable work, so that, between personal effort and family sacrifice, she did finish the course there in 1930, which at that time entitled her to a teacher's certificate. She taught two years at Garnet, a country community northwest of Somerville, then one or maybe two years at Ames, in the extreme southeast corner of the county, and after that at Hickory Withe until her marriage in 1939. She married Willard Irwin, who was at least twenty years older than she. He had a farm that was operated by tenants or sharecroppers, and he was operating a garage in Oakland. He was Presbyterian, so she joined his church. They had one child, Virginia Grace, born in April, 1940. When Virginia was about nine months old Willard suffered a stroke that left him paralyzed from the waist down until his death in 1955. His arms were still strong, and he devised a system of pulleys by which he could lift himself for changing the bed; his mind was active, and he enjoyed his family and friends. Their little house was near the railroad track, and in those days the North Carolina and Saint Louis was a busy line, with six passenger trains a day and many freight trains. His bed was by the window, and never a train went by, day or night, without a friendly wave

from him, of a newspaper by day or a light by night. All the railroad man came to take a special interest in the cheerful invalid, visited him when they could, and remembered him with gifts on special occasions. For over fourteen years Sis cared for her invalid husband and growing child, and all her friends marveled at her patience. There was some income from the farm, and life went on. After his death Sis went back to teaching, and as of this writing she is still active in this. Virginia finished high school and went to business college, worked for a while, then married Doyle Whitten, from Arkansas. They live in Saint Louis, with their children, Paul and Pamela.

The first break in the family circle came in 1929, when Browder, not quite twelve years old, succumbed to a severe streptococcus infection. Of course it was a great sorrow to them all.

Benjy finished high school in 1934, and in the depths of the Great Depression, money for college was out to the question. Besides other uncertainties, Virginia's health was at a low ebb. He worked at such jobs as he could find. For a while he stayed in Miami with Squirrel and worked there. Then in 1935 he got a chance to enroll at Georgia Tech on a plan that called for three months of study, alternating with a like period of field work. One such work period was spent in Birmingham, the next in southwest Virginia, where he met Gladys Holm, a native of Minnesota. They decided to get married secretly, and continue with her work and his studies, but after one more term in school they decided they had had enough of that, and announced their marriage, though it meant his dropping out of school. He worked at one thing and another, until he answered an advertisement, and was taken on as a trainee for IBM Machine Service, at which he was highly successful. They lived in Nashville, then in Knoxville, and finally made their home in Chattanooga. Their one child, Doris Ann, was born about 1938. She graduated from high school in Knoxville, went to University of Tennessee, and while there made a hasty marriage, quickly ended by divorce or annulment, and bore one child, who was given the name Bobby Murrell. She continued to live with her parents and care for the child, and when he was old enough she went to work. Bobby must have been ten years old when she chanced to meet up with a high school classmate, Victor Green, who had also had an unhappy marriage ending in divorce. They were married, and live in Knoxville, with Bobby, and two girls, Kelly and Holly. (Benjy died July 18, 1975, in Chattanooga, after a lengthy illness.)

Kit finished the eighth grade the last spring that they were on the farm. The educational leaders of the time had an idea that it would be helpful for eighth graders all over the county to take the uniform examinations on a specified date, the sealed questions from the superintendent's office being opened in the presence of the class. (Suspicious minded people thought some of the teachers steamed the envelopes open, copied the questions, then sealed them back up, and carefully reviewed the pupils on the points involved so that they would make a good showing.) Anyway, at the time to take those all important questions, Kit was down with pneumonia, (gave the family a pretty good scare, too) so she had to go to Somerville at a later date, and take them at the superintendent's office. But anyway she passed OK, and was admitted to high school. They still had the first two years of high school at Oakland, so she went there, and graduated from the tenth grade as valedictorian, a dubious honor in a class of only five. For the eleventh grade she rode the bus to Somerville. That year, too, she had the advantage of a very capable piano teacher at Somerville, and made good progress in her music. But as the Fall of 1930 approached, the Great Depression, which was much greater than anybody could believe at that time, was already beginning to be felt. State and county taxes were hard to collect, and there was a very real threat that the high school at Summerville might lose its accredited status. Virginia had high ambitions for Kit to go to college, and Kit was ambitious and

hopeful. Therefore it was decided that she should spend that year with Aunt Sam in Montgomery, and take her final year of high school at Lanier High School there. This was a very fortunate decision for her, as she had opportunity to break out of the tight little circle of Fayette county society, make a lot of new friends, and have the experience of being in a large school with teachers of high caliber. It also brought about a closeness to Aunt Sam and Uncle Austin and their family that has meant much to her and to me and to our family.

She graduated at Lanier in May, 1931, and went back to Oakland. And on Sunday, May 31, she went to church at the Presbyterian church. In small communities in those days there was a pretty good working arrangement so that the different churches had services on different days, allowing for a large measure of cooperation among them. The Methodist church had services on the second and fourth Sundays, the Presbyterians on the first and third. I had come there as pastor in January, and was living alone in the manse at Hickory Withe, taking my meals at the house across the street, and on second and fourth Sundays I was at Hickory Withe. But May 31 was a fifth Sunday, and by special arrangement I had the service at Oakland, and almost the whole community turned out. After the service, as I stood at the door to greet the people, and as people milled around and convened, one person after another felt that an introduction was in order to the girl who had just returned after long absence, and by the time five or six people had said, "Have you met Katherine Murrell?", it got to be quite a joke between us.

I felt an attraction immediately, but I was 30 years old and had a girlfriend with whom I was going steady, more or less, and thus was able to think that she was just a kid; and to kid myself that what I was feeling for her was purely platonic. But with all the kidding I could always find an excuse to go by that little house on the corner, to borrow or lend a book, or to practice a song, or something. We never had any dates, but we were together a good bit.

In 1931 the Depression was really getting bad. People were being laid off everywhere. Salaries were being reduced, and nobody knew what to expect. College? Certainly not this year, maybe next year. During that Winter of 1931 to 1932, the PTA at Somerville decided to try to put on an operetta, THE GYPSY ROVER, and were trying to recruit enough people to cast it. The socially prominent young man who was cast for the lead part proved unable to sing the part, and although I was not tall and handsome as an operatic hero should be, they asked me to do it. They still needed one contralto, and I said, "Katherine Murrell, at Oakland, could sing that part, and I could easily bring her to the rehearsals". And so it began, one or two rehearsals each week until the final production in May. Still no dates, no talk of love, not even so much as a goodnight kiss until almost the end of the rehearsals. But after the operetta was over - and it turned out pretty well, I think - as I meditated in the night the thought hit me like a sledgehammer, "Heck! Why not marry the one I really want?" And after that there was no turning back. So we made a date, our first real date, for May 31, just a year from the day we first met, and on that first date we declared our love to each other. After that I had the unpleasant duty of telling my erstwhile steady girlfriend that things were different from there on.

Through the Summer we talked plans, and had many happy times together. There was an eastbound passenger train that passed through Oakland at 12:30 AM, and by that time we were generally back from wherever we had been on our date, and sitting in the car in front of the house. The train was our signal to start saying good night. In September our engagement was announced, and the wedding date was finally set for November 15. We were not quite down to the "bicycle built for two"; (actually I had a very nice 1931 Chevy coupe, with a new set of tires on it); but not much money was spent on the wedding because there was not much to spend. We did not have any

pictures made, and the only flowers bought were corsages and boutonnieres. And Kit very sensible had, for an afternoon wedding, not a formal wedding dress, but a dress that could also be worn on other occasions. Sis was maid of honor, and Paul Pierce, one of my deacons, was best man. George came from Alabama to "tie the knot", and rode to Memphis with us, where he could catch the bus back to Alabama. The Arthur Smith family at Oakland had as a hobby the raising of beautiful chrysanthemums, and these were freely offered for decorating the church, if only the frost would hold off a long enough; and it did, it just did. The wedding was at 4:30 PM in the Methodist church. We had no reception, but after the benediction dashed out to the car and took off, with tin cans dragging (until we stopped a few miles down the road, and took them off). The weather had held unusually mild; but as we went toward Memphis a great black cloud was coming up fast to meet us, and before we got to Memphis the rain came down in torrents - and the next morning there was snow on the ground. But that did not bother us a bit. We were married, and on our way, "living happily ever afterward". And yes, by golly, Virginia, she IS SWEET!

SEVEN TIMES SIX

Back in the days of World War I, people used to say, "The first seven years are the hardest"; well, maybe seven times six.

After a honeymoon trip in which we went to Hot Springs, Mammoth Springs, Arkansas, and Saint Louis, and through Illinois and Kentucky, I carried my bride over the threshold of the manse at Hickory Withe, and we were at home. It was very modest - a living room and bedroom, and in the kitchen a rebuilt wood burning range, a secondhand kitchen cabinet and a dinette suite, also a temperamental two-burner kerosene stove. No dining room furniture, we bought some later on installments, setting our goal to have it paid for by Christmas of 1934, and succeeding in that. And we had a secondhand Knabe piano. Heat was by coal grates in the living room and bedroom; water hand pumped from a cistern, light by kerosene lamps and a gasoline pressure lamp. There was a bathroom with a bowl and pitcher, but no plumbing.

1931 was a year of abundance. All over the country, corn, wheat, cotton, everything made record crops. But there was no market. Cotton sold for 5¢ a pound, or even less; a cow or hog taken to market would scarcely bring enough to pay for the transportation. 1932 was no better as to markets, and in addition the crops were short. At that time the church fiscal year began April 1; and in March, 1932 the church officers, trying to set up a budget, told me they would have to cut my salary. I told them to do what they saw fit. They cut it \$500, from \$1820 to \$1320, that is, to \$110 per month. Many people were getting salary cuts then, and I would have felt bad not to have one. But in March of 1933, after the crop failure, the officers were ready to give up. And in fact, a good many churches did give up, and told the pastors they could no longer continue to pay any salary at all. I wanted to be heroic; I told them to cut it in half - instead of \$110, \$55 per month, for that year. And even so, they got behind in paying even that amount. And right after that, we found that Kit was pregnant.

There were compensations. One neighbor gave us all the milk and butter we could use, (after all, they had the cows, and there was no sale for the milk). Many people gave us eggs, home cured meat, and fresh meat at hog killing time, I made a garden, and supplemented the meat with rabbits and squirrels. Everybody was broke, and it was kinda fun. We even had a vacation. Sis had a red Chevrolet with a rumble seat, but her tires were old. As our contribution we shifted the green wheels of our car, with almost new tires, to Sis's red car, and Virginia, Sis, Benjy, Kit and I went for a ten day visit to the kin in Hammond, Louisiana. On December 28, Charlotte Virginia was born at Methodist hospital in Memphis. The doctor said, "Pay whatever you can". I paid him \$25. The hospital had a flat rate for maternity cases, \$90 for ten days in hospital. The deacons got to work and managed to make up the portion of the salary they were behind on, and we just barely managed to meet these expenses.

In March of 1934 they increased the salary to \$75 per month, but the next year they did not make any move to do better, and things looked bleak. (Even at \$55, we had been sending Mother \$10 per month, little enough, but hard to spare) but then came our big break. In February, 1935, one of my seminary classmates, then a missionary to Japan on furlough, came to speak at our church. He knew I had been interested in foreign missions, and he wanted to get me to Japan. He said he would speak to Dr. Fulton, the Executive Secretary, about it. I decided to write, and told him that I did not know whether the plan proposed had any merit, but that if they needed me I was still interested. During the Depression, contributions to missions had fallen off severely, and no new missionaries were being sent out, only indispensable

replacements. In April came a letter saying, "We have nothing in Japan, but what about taking this school in Brazil?" (The man in charge was resigning because of illness.) Then we had to go to Nashville for medical exams, and they wanted me to take a summer course at Peabody in school administration, and we sailed from New York in September. They gave us \$500 to buy outfit with, and the salary was about \$140 per month!

Our first task was to learn Portuguese. There was no language school then, we had a teacher who came for a lesson each day, but every contact we made was a language lesson. I was sent to be a replacement for George Taylor, who had expected to be able to carry on for a year until I could get some language; but his illness was terminal, and he lived only about two months after we got there. The family went home, and we were fortunate to get the very comfortable house that had been built especially for them, and it was our home all the years we were in Brazil. This was at Garanhuns, a town of about 15000, in the interior of Pernambuco, about 160 miles from Recife, at the end of the railroad, at an altitude of 870 meters, about 3000 feet. The name of the school was the Colegio Quinze de Novembro, November 15 being the anniversary of the founding of the Republic in 1889. The word "fifteen" in Portuguese is Quinze (pronounced keen-zy) and the school was generally referred to as the Quinze. Dr. Thompson, old enough to retire, took over the direction of the school, and although I was supposed to be free of other duties for a year for language study, when school began in March I took on a class in English and one in math. And about May 1, when another teacher quit, I was given three more classes of English. That is a good way to learn Portuguese, if you can stand it.

Walter Horton was born June 28, 1936, with a Brazilian doctor in attendance at home. We thought we had taken all reasonable precautions against infection, but infection did set in, and was very severe. I got in touch with Langdon Henderlite, the missionary with whom we felt the strongest tie of friendship, in Recife. He talked to a specialist there, who gave the opinion that if we could get Kit to Recife to the hospital she might have one chance in a thousand. Langdon came to Garanhuns and helped arrange for special accommodations on the train. It was in the middle of an unusually severe rainy season. The trip was made without incident - but fifteen minutes after our train passed there was a landslide that left the tracks blocked for days. If... It was a very near thing, but in the hospital, with good care, her vigorous constitution and youth won the day, though the doctor had confided to me that he had seen signs that her heart might give way under the strain. After the crisis was passed, phlebitis set in in her leg, and she had a long stay in the hospital. We finally got back to Garanhuns about September 1. We thought we were out to the woods, but before long, at that altitude, she began having chest pains that became more and more alarming. Back to Recife in October, and after just a year on the field we sailed for home, on the same ship we had come out on, SS Boniface, of the Booth Line - but a different set of officers, and not so much fun. By the doctor's orders, Kit stayed in bed, allowed to come up to the saloon for one meal a day. One of the crew accepted the job of washing diapers, and I had most of the responsibility of the two children.

At Belem a man boarded the ship with a cargo of monkeys and tropical fish, which kept him on the go, day and night. I thought his job and mine were about evenly matched.

The doctor in Nashville ordered Kit to strict bed for a long time, and told us we need not think about going back to Brazil. That was the first week of December. We went to Oakland and stayed with "Na-na" - it was Charlotte that invented that name for her - and Sis; Benjy was at Georgia Tech. It was crowded, but we managed. The churches were vacant, and I supplied the pulpit regularly when I was not off somewhere making missionary talks, no pay from the churches because we were still

on salary from the board. I was also looking desperately for a call, and all my efforts seemed in vain. I felt a little better after that when I learned that the board, still hopeful that we might go back, had cut off some feelers that churches had made about me. But it was a trying time.

Then, all at once, Kit began to get better. The first Sunday in May she went to church for the first time; in June we moved into the manse again, with a maid to help with the work, and in August we let the maid go. It was not until September that the doctor gave his approval, and we sailed on January 29, 1938. We had brought a Brazilian hymn book home with us, and during this time we played and sang nearly everything in it, which helped our Portuguese a lot.

When we returned to Brazil in early 1938, we went on a real ocean liner of the Munson Line, the USS Southern Cross, whose accommodations, even in the tourist class, were considered luxurious. We went direct from New York to Rio De Janeiro, passing almost in sight of Recife. We stayed only two days in Rio, which did not give much time for sightseeing, but we did get around a little bit. We have often wished we had stayed a little longer, for Kit never got back to Rio, though I did. We took a Brazilian coastal steamer, the Itaquice, to Recife, a five day trip, stopping at Vitoria, Bahia and Maceió. In Bahia we had time for shore excursion. On the Southern Cross, we had a problem getting twenty month old Horton to eat, although the steward tempted him with all sorts of fancy dishes. To our surprise, on the Brazilian ship, with much plainer fare, he ate like a pig.

At Hickory Withe, in the 1930s, there was no electric service, and we could not have a refrigerator. And in Brazil the current, when it worked at all, was on for only a few hours a day, which made it impossible to use one there. But in the summer of 1937, when we were hoping to go back, we bought an Electrolux kerosene refrigerator, planning to take it with us if we went back. This we did, but in transshipping it in Rio, it must have been dropped, or injured in some way, for when we got to Recife there was no gas in the cooling element, and we found it impossible to get it recharged. It sat in a warehouse in Recife until our return from furlough in December, 1944. While at home, in spite of wartime scarcities, we managed to get a replacement element for it, and so, for the last years in Brazil, we had the luxury of a refrigerator, five and half cubic feet capacity - we thought it was huge!

Charlotte was four when we got back to Garanhuns, Horton going on two. Besides a cook, we had a nursemaid to help with them, especially with Horton. We also had the yard man, necessary to mow the lawn, care for the flowers and garden, and run errands, as there was no telephone, and most of the time we had no car. Prices were low, and exchange very good; at that time we got eighteen mil reis to the dollar, and the cook received eighteen mil reis a month and her food, and the maid the same. The yard man, who lived with a wife and four children in a little hut on the campus, got eighteen mil reis a week, and the house. That sounds ridiculous, but we were paying better wages than the other missionaries, or than Brazilians paid their servants. We had electric current from 4:30 PM to midnight when it worked, a little over half the time; and city water, which sometimes ran, sometimes not. It had to be used carefully.

The nursemaid's name (that is, the first, and most significant, of many) was Luisa. She was very Black, and very kind and patient. Horton depended on her a good deal, and if we had not kept some pressure on him he would have spoken Portuguese exclusively. Even so, his English was often mixed with Portuguese words or expressions. If I asked, "Where is Mother?", he was likely to answer, "She's on the kitchen". We taught our children to call the other missionaries "uncle" and "aunt". Once, when we were in Recife for mission meeting, we went to visit Lina Boyce, who

had rented for the vacation period a little cabin on the beach, roofed with palm patch. Horton said, "Why is Aunt Lina's house so pobre?" (Poor) It hasn't got any telas (tiles) for the roof, nor cimento for the floor, it's just made of sticks and palha (straw)". As the years passed, wages, prices and missionary salaries gradually went up, and the quality of electric and water service improved, but no 24 hour current up to when we left in 1949.

I took over as Director of the school in June of 1938. There were many problems of finance, discipline and public relations. I was always in my office by eight in the morning, and often did not get home much before six in the evening, with only an hour for lunch. (The Brazilians, in our area at least, did not take siestas, and I certainly did not.) And not infrequently I had to go back at night to straighten something out. We had about 140 students, (later, when we got the girls dormitory, about 150) and 300 or 400 day students. During 1938 and 1939 we were the only missionaries involved in the school, except that Dr. Thompson, retired, still taught two classes of Latin. There were about fifteen Brazilian teachers, some of them part time - a lawyer taught some classes of French, an engineer physics and chemistry, a police sergeant physical education, etc.. In 1940, after war conditions cut off the support of some English missionaries a young couple came to help, and lightened our burden a good bit, so that we could get around more. Our board took over their support, to relieve the English mission, and to give us some much needed help. Their names were Eric and Eva Wilcockson, and they had two little girls, about the age of Charlotte and Horton, Doreen and Joan. They helped us for about two years, till he was called to the English church in Recife.

The war news from Europe was ominous, but things were peaceful for us. This was before Pearl Harbor, and Brazil, with a strong German element in the south, and much pro-German sentiment, was trying to sit on the fence. It was in 1940 that Everett Swetnam came to Garanhuns on a two year contract to teach the children of the Neville family, our fellow missionaries. (Our children went to the same school - Charlotte was the only one old enough at this time.)

Janie Katherine was born June 2, 1941. This time we decided to go to the maternity hospital in Recife. But there were no complications. And the next year, on May 29, were born twins, William Wiley and Iris Elizabeth. This time the birth was at home, no problem with the delivery, but William, who was the smaller, but apparently a well-formed child, was unable to get any feeding formula established that he could digest, and he lived only 22 days. We took him to Recife, to the best baby doctor available, and did all we could do, but to no avail. It was a very sad time for us. Again, if... In addition, Kit developed a breast abscess that caused a lot of pain and trouble, and this was in June of 1942, when the war news was at the very worst. Germany had taken Dakar, on the African coast, and was threatening to invade Brazil, where they could have mustered a pretty strong fifth column, and we were right in the path of the threatened invasion. It was a gloomy time indeed. Everett finished his contract, and had a hair raising adventure working his way to the States on a Brazilian freighter, as no regular passenger service was available.

But the Americans moved first, and put in a base at Natal, and another at Recife, and gradually the war picture began to get brighter. We had some wartime shortages, but we managed, and life was pretty good. In October, 1943, I needed to make a trip to Rio De Janeiro on school business, and went by plane, six hours from Recife. I felt that I could spare a little time, and I resolved to come back through the interior if possible. I had often looked at the map, and seen the vast hinterland of Bahia, with the São Francisco River angling across it, and had noticed a place called Xique-Xique, and thought, "If I ever get to Xique-Xique, I'll feel that I have really seen Brazil". I knew that steamboats ran on that river when there was enough water, but could get no information on river

conditions. However, it had been raining in the south, and I decided to risk it, and turned in my plane ticket and took the train, a two day trip to Pirapora, at the head of navigation. When I got there I discovered that the first boat in six months had left the day before and another was going the next day - all cabins taken, but I slept on a mattress on deck till a cabin was vacated. I was eight days on the boat, and it did stop at Xique-Xique. (Pronounce sheeky-sheeky - the name of a kind of cactus.) Altogether, what with waiting for trucks, I was sixteen days from Rio to Garanhuns, quite an experience.

When I got home I found the Kit was in the hospital in Recife with a severe gallbladder attack; also that the board had just ruled that since ship transportation was unavailable in wartime, missionaries could make use of plane travel, before that permitted only in emergencies. Our furlough was a year overdue, and we were next in line, so we arranged to go in January. Right away after we got home Kit had to go to Nashville for a gall bladder operation.

The churches at Oakland - Hickory Withe had had a pastor, but were vacant again, and they kindly let us move into the manse. By this time they had electricity at Hickory Withe, and running water in the kitchen, but no bathroom. We had heard about wartime shortages and rationing, and we began to find out what it meant. The furlough was no picnic, but it provided a welcome change. We got an old 1934 Chevrolet, but had to be very sparing in its use, because of tires. I was elected moderator of Memphis presbytery, and was also a commissioner to the General Assembly, which met at Montreat [North Carolina].

Before the furlough Kit had begun having trouble with her hearing, and in Nashville they fitted her with a hearing aid, one of the early models, with a lot of harness and two or three kinds of batteries. But it helped a little. We got around to some churches, and got to visit some of our people, and enjoyed it. Kit's parents were living in Arkansas, Benjy was in Nashville, Squirrel in Birmingham. Sis and Bill were in Oakland, this was already after his stroke. Shirley and Owen were in Arizona or Utah law working with displaced Japanese. Ernest, George, and Shirley, with Rebecca, visited us together in July. Altogether the furlough was nice, but we were glad to go back in November, to what seemed more like home.

At this time Charlotte was eleven, and ready to begin the secondary school course. And it was then an event took place which was destined to be very significant. Kit had given Charlotte music lessons, and had also given lessons to Susan and Virginia Neville, but did not consider herself qualified to teach music. But when one of the Brazilian ministers came to make arrangements for his niece to enter school, and told me that she showed considerable promise in music if she could only have a chance for instruction in it, I promised him that Kit would take her on as a pupil. Kit took a dim view of it at first, but agreed to go along with it; and the first thing we knew there were others clamoring for instruction. Kit felt that she needed some instruction herself, and she signed up for a correspondence course in harmony, which the board agreed to pay for, and which was of great help to her. Soon she had as many pupils as she could deal with, and of course she received no pay for this, as missionaries, while given a great deal of latitude in their activities, were strictly prohibited from accepting any pay for their work. She tried to favor especially those young people who gave promise of being useful in the church through their music. There was no piano teacher available in Garanhuns, but there was a violin teacher, and Kit gave piano lessons to his children, who attended the Catholic school, in exchange for violin lessons for some of our pupils, with some very good results. The year we were on furlough a missionary who substituted for us had organized a choir, and Kit helped with that, and carried it on, so that for the next four years music was a big factor in the school, and Kit gained some valuable experience in teaching, which would be important to her in future years. All this

in spite of her constantly increasing deafness. The hearing aid helped, and when it gave out we managed to get another sent out from the States, as they were still not available in Brazil.

And there were other activities. In Brazil, with the yard man to do the rough work, Kit used to make a garden, both for flowers and vegetables, with considerable success. We had lovely dahlias, carnations, snap dragons, and many other flowers, and in the rainy season many kinds of vegetables. There was a group of men, missionaries and Brazilians, (women did not take much to the athletic games in our part to Brazil at that time) who met on Saturday afternoons for tennis. Kit was fond of croquet, and quite good at it. We got a croquet set and played some, but not many of our friends cared for it. And when the American army abandon the base in Recife at the end of the war, they gave us a pool table, which we set up in our garage, and it gave us a lot of pleasure. While the Wilcocksons were there, we often played Bridge with them. The other missionaries frowned on cards, but Rook was acceptable, and we had many pleasant evenings at that.

Kit was fond of sewing, and did a great deal of it. She also liked to knit and crochet, and she would always set up a project of knitting or crocheting to do during the mission meeting, which lasted several days. Our annual mission meeting was in January, but we often had to have another in the June holidays, for unfinished business. And when the meeting was in Garanhuns, all the missionary kids would gather at our house, and, with little supervision while the parents were busy in the meeting, they often got into mischief.

Easter egg dyes were not available in Brazil in those days. "Na-na" used to send us some in her letters, (parcel post shipments to Brazil were totally unsatisfactory) and it was always at our house that the kids gathered for the Easter egg hunts. Easter eggs were not part of the Brazilian tradition, so that we seldom had Brazilian children for these gatherings. But occasionally some children of English or Americans who lived in Recife would be in Garanhuns and would be invited. There was a Jewish couple, retired, named Dreyfus, living in Garanhuns, with whom we became very good friends. He was French, she Polish, they had lived in England, Chile, and other places, and spoke English, French, German, Spanish, Portuguese and Yiddish. They had a daughter living in Recife, who, with her children, visited occasionally, and another daughter in Rio, with one child, who came a few times.

The years went on. Horton entered secondary school in March, 1948, and in December of the same year Charlotte graduated from it. Janie finished the second grade, Iris the first. But there were tensions and problems. Since Horton was born in Brazil, if we brought him back after another furlough he would have to register, and be subject to military service in Brazil. And there were tensions building up between us and some new missionaries who had come in, and some of the national clergy, who felt that our views, either social or theological, were not to their liking. It was a hard decision to make, as we loved the work and the Brazilian people. Our furlough was due at the end of 1949; and by the time of the mission meeting in January, 1949 we had reached the decision that we must make the change, and announced it to the mission. The mission made recommendations to the board, and the board granted us a furlough immediately of ten months, and expressed the hope that we would reconsider.

I hoped I could get a place to teach in a college or seminary, but I felt confident that I could get a church at least, as right after the war, ministers were in short supply. All my efforts to find a teaching position were fruitless. Again I felt that destiny, or providence, was working.

We sold out nearly everything, including the noble old Erard grand piano we had bought from the Taylors, and sailed about April 1 on SS Mormackite, an American C-2 freighter, which two or three years later, with a cargo of oar, broke in two in a storm and was lost with all hands. On the way home we got an unexpected bonus when our ship, on reaching Belem, got orders to go to Manaus, 1000 miles up the Amazon, to load Brazil nuts. We were pleased to get to see that part of Brazil before leaving. *[Ed. note - According to the [US Coast Guard report](#), dated March 1, 1955, the SS Mormackite sank off the coast of Virginia on October 7, 1954, with 37 of its 48-man crew perishing when the ship foundered and sank in rough seas - WBS]*

We went to Oakland, and rented a little apartment where we could exist until we got settled. We were eager to get settled before September, because of school, and we felt that if we could shorten the time that the board had to pay our salary it would be an important contribution to the mission effort. I was invited to visit a home mission field at Amite, Louisiana, which offered the salary of \$3300 and a manse, about the same as our furlough salary. It sounded like a pretty good salary, but already inflation was working, and it required for rigorous economy to manage on that. When I went there, something seemed to say to me, "This is it", and I told them I would accept if called. They did call me, and we moved in August. They had sold the manse, and were starting to build a new one, and we had to make do in an apartment till November. We had enough savings to buy a new Chevrolet and pay cash, but there was furniture to get, most of which was bought secondhand. Kit was disheartened when she saw the place, and no wonder; it did look pretty dreary. But we spent fifteen years there, and in spite of some hardships it was mainly happy. The Presbyterian church was weak, overshadowed by Catholics and Baptists; but the community received us well, and we made many friends. The presbytery was congenial, and I enjoyed my work. All four children finished high school there.

One thing that attracted us was Southeastern Louisiana College, at Hammond, fifteen miles away. Although Charlotte had finished the Brazilian secondary school course, she was still not sixteen, and we thought it well for her to take one year of high school before attempting college. But by the Fall of 1950 we decided that the advantage of going away to college outweighed the economy of commuting to Hammond, and we made arrangements for Charlotte to go to Belhaven college, at Jackson, Mississippi, 120 miles away.

In Nashville, we had talked to an ear specialist about the possibility of an operation, the fenestration, which was just beginning to be used to relieve the type of deafness that Kit had. He did not recommend it. We talked to another in Baton Rouge, who said he would do it, but offered only a 25% chance of success. That was not encouraging, as the operation was expensive. At the college in Hammond a speech teacher offered to help her to study lip reading, and she worked at that for about three years, and made considerable progress. While she was going for lip reading lessons, she got started taking some courses at the college, and while she never got a degree, she gained a lot of confidence. Then a specialist in New Orleans, a Presbyterian elder, heard of her case and asked her to come to see him. He thought an operation was likely to be successful in her case, and offered to perform it free of charge, which he did in December, 1953. It was successful, and made a great difference to her, and to us all.

Then Kit began teaching music again. Soon she had all the pupils she could handle, sometimes over 60, and as long as we stayed in Amite that went on. I don't know how we could ever have got the kids through college without what she earned. But "The Lord will provide", and somehow we managed to do it.

Charlotte graduated at Belhaven, with honors, in 1954, and that same year Horton graduated from high school. Charlotte took a job at the public library in Jackson,

Mississippi, at starvation wages, and stayed two years, then went to University of Illinois to get a master's degree in library science. On her graduation there, they offered her a place in the university, which she accepted. She had met a young farmer, Leon Ayres, and they were married in February, 1958. She continued to work at the university for five more years, thereby helping him to get a start. In 1963, they adopted Karen, and the same year moved to Indiana; and in 1968 they adopted Walter, and they have continued to prosper in Indiana.

Horton was a less studious type than Charlotte, and was doubtful about going to college at all, talked of trying a military career, was completely uncertain of what he wanted to do. Arkansas College, at Batesville, a small Presbyterian college, was moderate in cost, and looked like a place where he might be able to find himself. We persuaded him to try it for one year, and he agreed to do so. And there he found himself, and much more. He found that he had a voice; and near the end of the Summer of 1955 he finally admitted that he had found a calling, and asked to be taken under care of presbytery as a candidate for the ministry. And he found a girl, who also had a voice, and by the Summer of 1956 he felt that they could get married and still continue their studies, and he and Norma Gray were married in September, 1956. Norma's studies were interrupted by the arrival of Janie Gwendolyn, November 15, 1957. Horton graduated in 1958, stayed out for a year, working at this and that, then went to Louisville Seminary, living in the manse at Greensburg, Kentucky, going in on Tuesday mornings, returning Friday afternoons. This program kept the family in a strain, especially as Dawn Elizabeth appeared on November 7, 1960. But they persisted, and he finished the course, and was ordained in 1962, staying on as pastor at Greensburg four more years, during which time William Browder was born March 8, 1964. In 1966 then moved to McMinnville, Tennessee, then in 1971 to Tower, Minnesota.

I have always liked to fish, but at Amite, for the first time, I found myself in a place where I could fish as much as I liked, without having to go a long way, or spend a lot of money. Numerous gravel pit ponds and the Tangipahoa River in easy walking distance made it very convenient. I could start out walking, and then decide which place I would fish. I taught Horton to fish, and he soon outstripped me by far. Charlotte fished with me some, too, and on rare occasions Kit would fish, and with considerable success. And I hunted some, too. The gun gives me an excuse to walk in the woods, which I like. At Citronelle [Alabama] I went on a good many deer hunts, waiting for hours on the stand, much less enjoyable than walking, but always with the excitement of hoping that a buck would come in sight. In all those hunts, I never got a shot. But on most of them there were deer killed, and the meat divided up, so that I often brought home venison, of which we were very fond. At Rock Island I found a field, where, after a rain, I could often find arrowheads in the plowed ground. That was fun too. But I liked to walk - city streets, country roads, woods, railroad tracks, anything except highways with their rush of traffic.

At Rock Island Kit took up ceramics, and this hobby has brought her much happiness. Here in Crawfordsville she is still able to work at that, and has began learning the lapidary art. Life has so many interesting things.

Gardening, planting things and watching them grow, producing food and some flowers, has been my most important hobby, I hope to continue this for a long time yet.

A Scotsman once remarked that he had been brought up on oatmeal and the Shorter Catechism. The same could be said of our children. Certainly there were offered plenty of oatmeal porridge, and generally ate it pretty well. Even in Brazil we were able to get oats, grown in south Brazil, and packed very tightly in tin cans. And when Iris got to Coe College, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where so much of Quaker

Oats is prepared, we felt that it was fitting. We still think porridge is the most satisfactory breakfast we know.

When we were the home on furlough in 1944, Charlotte was ten, and she went to work on the Shorter Catechism. I used to give out the questions to her while I washed, and she dried, the dishes while Kit was in the hospital and she soon mastered it. Mrs. McAuley, in Oakland, gave her a dollar when she heard about it, the only reward she got. When we came home in 1949, I tried to get Horton started on it, promising him a .22 rifle when he finished it. He was less enthusiastic than Charlotte, but still worked on it, and used to say that "...man was created with dominion over the preachers", (instead of creatures). He never finished it then, but years later, when he was in seminary, Dr. Foreman made him finish at least the doctrinal part. He got a pass in theology, that was his only reward. (He did get the rifle for Christmas the year he was thirteen). Janie and Iris worked at it under their Sunday School teacher and dear friend Maxine Newton, and both recited it in the Summer of 1960, just before Iris started to college. They got a more substantial reward. (I neglected to say that Charlotte, as well as Janie and Iris, did get the Bible offered by the Presbyterian University Board of Christian Education). But the United Presbyterian Board of Christian Education at that time had a standing offer of \$100 for any student at a PCUSA college who recited the catechism, or \$200 if the applicant also submitted an acceptable essay about it. When Iris got to Coe, she went immediately to the chaplain, and told him she wanted to recite the catechism. (I think she did not know about the essay business). The chaplain heard her recite it, and sent her name in, and she got \$100, which she applied toward the expense of her trip to Mexico, where she worked the Summer of 1961, under American Friends Service Committee. Janie tried out for the essay, and got the \$200, which was used for her trip to California in 1961.

Janie finished high school in 1959, and went to Maryville College, where she graduated in 1963. She was offered the job of directing the newly established Presbyterian Student Center at southeastern College, Hammond, Louisiana, and she worked there two years and a summer, decided to make a career of Christian education work, applied for and received a scholarship to Presbyterian school of Christian Education at Richmond.

But in the meantime other things had been happening. Iris finished high school in 1960, and went to Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, for one year. The next year, in view of the problems Horton and Norma were having with the family and the seminary course, she transferred to Campbellsville College, a Baptist college at Campbellsville, Kentucky, near Greensburg, to be near and help as needed. She got a good course there, majoring in music education and English, and graduated in 1964, and taught at Bonneville, Kentucky, 1964 to 1965.

We had been at Amite for almost fifteen years, and while everything was going very well, I had the feeling that perhaps a change would be good for the church and good for us. I had resolved not to seek another place, but if another church should come seeking me, to take it as a possible sign of a providential leading, and give it serious consideration. We had already planned to take our vacation in June that year, going by Kentucky for Iris's graduation, and then on to Indiana to visit Charlotte and Leon, then a trip to Niagara falls and on to New York for the World's Fair, stopping with Ginny Lee near New York, then by Pittsburgh, and Washington, DC, (I still regard our two hour tour of Washington without ever parking as an outstanding sight-seeing achievement) and by Richmond to visit Mollie Ann, and Chattanooga to visit Benjy. This trip was already definitely planned before the pulpit committee from Citronelle, Alabama came to visit us in early May. We told the committee we needed some time to think about it, and that on this trip we would return via Citronelle, look over the situation and come to some decision. This we

did, and decided to accept it, though there was no important difference in salary, and Kit's teaching would be interrupted, with no assurance that it could be reestablished in Citronelle. But we felt that we were being led, (how far can one trust one's feelings?) and sorrowfully we announced our decision, and moved in August.

Here again we had a brand new manse, a very nice one, on a spacious lot, on which I planted trees - how many trees! - fruit trees, pines, poplars, hollies, magnolias and chinquapins, oak and cypress, besides azaleas, camellias, and many other things. The manse was nearly a mile from the church, and half a mile from the school, which was significant because, while there was no lack of people wanting music lessons, there was no place to teach at school, and most of the parents found it inconvenient to bring the children for lessons, especially those who came on the school bus. The class was very small that first year. We had been noticing a neat house just across the street from the school, which was vacant, marked FOR SALE. And when Aunt Sarah's estate was settled up, bringing in about \$1800 for Kit's share, we decided to buy the house, if possible, and use it for a studio, and perhaps afterward as a retirement home. The school authorities were willing to release pupils for music lessons during the study hall time, and we bought the house in July, 1965, for \$9000, using the inheritance for a down payment. Kit soon had her time filled with students, and the extra income from this enabled us to have the house almost completely paid for before we left Citronelle in 1969.

Destiny was still at work. Janie, working at Hammond, made occasional visits to us in Citronelle, and had a few dates with James Vann, who was studying pharmacy at Auburn. When she gave up her work at Hammond, and was all ready to leave for Richmond, with her car packed, and the scholarship check in her purse, she spent two weeks with us. But she had one more date with James the last night, ready to leave the next morning, and came in at 1:00 AM to wake us up with the news that her plans were all changed, she was going to marry James instead. Instead of going to Richmond, she set out for Auburn to look for a job, found something to help "put hubby through", and they were married at Christmastime. They struggled on until he graduated in 1968, then they went to Knoxville to live. There Kristin Grace was born on August 7, 1970. Afterward they moved to Mobile, and Michael Stafford was born November 20, 1972.

Iris visited Charlotte in the summer of 1965, and while she was there she was offered a position to teach in the high school at Alamo, Indiana, which she decided to accept. And destiny was moving again. In 1967 she meant Byron C. Scott, and they agreed so well together that it was not long before she called us to tell us that they were engaged. The problem was to find a time when he and she, and Janie and we, and Horton could be free to attend the wedding. Thanksgiving seemed to be the best choice. James had an important examination on Tuesday afternoon. We drove to Auburn, picked him and Janie up after the exam, stopped overnight at Decatur, Alabama, and arrived in a snowstorm Wednesday afternoon. Horton had planned to fly out there, but was grounded by bad weather and missed it. The wedding was Thursday, we drove all the way to Auburn on Friday, through rain and storm, narrowly missing contact with a tornado. Kit was trying to recover from an attack of flu, and it was a trying trip. On Saturday we made it back to Citronelle. Iris taught the rest of that year, and another year. Virginia Allen was born November 10, 1969, and Claire Elizabeth on November 4, 1970.

We stayed five years in Citronelle, lacking less than two months, and we have many happy memories of those years. I was going on 69, an age when most men are already retired. But I was reluctant to give up my ministry, and when, in March, 1969, I had an offer to serve the church at Rock Island, Tennessee in a semiretired situation, we decided it would be a good thing to do. We would be near Horton, who

was in McMinnville, and near enough to Janie at Knoxville for occasional visits. So we moved there in June of 1969, and again stayed five years. It was an agreeable place to live, and we remember that time fondly. I feel that I had an effective ministry there, and that some of my best preaching was done there; and there, for the first time, Kit was able to take a significant part in the church music, playing the piano along with the organ, and being a real help to the organist, who knew her limitations and was willing to be helped. And she still did some teaching, not nearly so much as in Amite and Citronelle, but her work at the Cedar Grove School, seven miles away in Van Buren County, meant a good deal, not only to individual pupils but to the school and community; and she had a few pupils in Rock Island and in McMinnville, some very meaningful relationships. It was really semi-retirement for both of us, but an experience for which we are profoundly grateful. Horton and Norma left in January, 1971, and during the time before that they had a great deal of illness; but we were thankful that we could be near to support them through that difficult time, and glad to have a little chance to get acquainted with the children. We were near enough to Chattanooga to visit some with Benjy and his family; and until they moved to Mobile, James and Janie came frequently to Rock Island, and we went now and then to Knoxville. We really got to know Kristin better than any other of our grandchildren in their infancy.

In Brazil, we did not get to do much of vacationing. Under mission regulations we were entitled to vacations, but with small children, and especially when you have no car, which was the case with us more than half the time, it is difficult to have much of a vacation. We did go to Recife now and then, and on rare occasions got out to the beautiful beach at Boa Viagem. We did get in a few visits to coffee and sugar plantations, and to the homes of some of our pupils, one visit in Catende, site of a large sugar refinery being outstanding. We also visited the famous Paulo Alfonso Falls on the São Francisco River in January, 1949. We look back on it now and wish we had made more effort to take vacations, but we can't change that now.

In this country we did have a designated annual vacation; and although we were always short of money, and often had to contrive to work in one or two supply preaching appointments or a revival meeting to help pay the freight, still we did have some notable vacations, which stand out vividly in our memory. As long as "Na-na" lived, we always went to Oakland for Christmas, and wherever we went on summer vacations, Oakland was always part of it. In 1950 we made the only a long trip I can remember with all six of us in the car, going first to Oakland, where the family visited while I spent a week in a revival meeting, then to Kentucky, where, after hours groping our way through dense fog in the mountains, we arrived at Uncle Ralph's about 2:45 AM, then on to Pittsburgh, to visit George, and where he had arranged a preaching appointment for me on the third Sunday of August, and I had brought only a white suit, which I had to wear, though it had turned so cold that some women in the congregation were wearing furs. Then a long day (till midnight) to Knoxville, where Benjy was living then, whirling around the hairpin bends in the West Virginia mountains, to the delight of eight year old Iris, then to Birmingham to visit Grace Prescott and family, and where I preached at Bessemer, on to Montgomery to visit Aunt Sam, and home via Mobile, where we hurried to get across the causeway ahead of an incoming hurricane, crossing only an hour or so before the road was closed.

Thank heaven there were not many vacations like that! In 1952, 53, 54, and 55 we went to Montreat to summer conferences, but not all at once. In 1952, Charlotte was working at Montreat, and came back with us, picking up Horton at Knoxville, Janie and Iris in Oakland. In 1953, Horton went with us, Charlotte and the little ones staying in Oakland. In 1955, Charlotte was working, but had a little vacation time, and went with us, and Janie and Iris, while Horton went on a camping trip with his friends Gene Branch and Delmar Brown. In 1959 we had a vacation exchange with a

minister in Tuscola, Illinois, which is near Villa Grove, where Charlotte and Leon lived, and it was a very interesting time. In 1961, Janie went with a girlfriend and her parents to San Francisco, in hope of working, but got only temporary jobs. She flew back to Memphis, where we met her. That same year Iris went with a group to work in Mexico, coming back with the group to stop over the weekend in Amite, the group touring New Orleans on Sunday afternoon. In 1962 we went to Horton's ordination, then Kit and I visited in Paintsville and Blaine, then home via Chattanooga - and Kit came down with a virus, and it was a rough trip home. 1963 was one of our nicest ones. We went to Montreat, where we had a happy visit with several former fellow missionaries, thence to Pittsburgh, thence to Indiana, to meet Charlotte and Leon at the place they were buying, but would not move to until December - the house was later destroyed by fire, and that was the only time we saw it. Then on with them to Villa Grove, and home via Oakland, where we picked up "Na-na", who had finally agreed to give up trying to live alone, and who lived in Amite with us until the next summer - and the next year lived with us again in Citronelle. In 1967 our vacation was a double blessing, for Kit got a scholarship for a two week seminar at Sherwood music school in Chicago, and I got one for an evangelism conference at Green Lake, Wisconsin, for the week before the seminar. And in 1968 we had another vacation exchange, this time with Roger Greenslade, with whom we had a close friendship in Louisiana, and who was then in Ottawa, Kansas.

For many years an important annual event for me was the Town and Country Pastors Conference, for which scholarship funds were provided, and which gave stimulation and fellowship, the trip with four or five ministers going together being an important part of it. These were generally held at Austin Seminary, but some were at Columbia Seminary, and one at Louisville Seminary in 1960. In 1965 there was a special one in the summer, at Emory university, to which the pastors' wives were also invited, and which we found to be a very rewarding experience. I was a commissioner to the General Assembly in 1953 and again in 1962; and there were synod and presbytery meetings, church conferences, music conferences - those were rich, full years, and we remember them with joy.

The four Murrells, up to the time of Na-na's and Squirrel's final illnesses, always got together at Oakland at Christmas. The four Swetnams, more widely scattered, did manage to get together in 1944 at Hickory Withe, and in 1958 at Amite, and again in 1962 and in 1970 at College Park, where Ernest and Winnie were hosts.

In 1966 we went to Montreat again, and Iris came from Indiana to meet us there. It was good to be there again, in spite of the fact that even then we could feel the beginning of the turmoil that in the next few years was to rend the church so disastrously. And while there we went with Iris to see "Unto These Hills", and were glad to do something together one more time.

1971 and 1972 were the two big travel years, when Sis went with us on the trip to Mexico, going by car to EL Paso and Chihuahua, leaving the car there and going by a train through the mountains to Los Mochis on the Gulf of California, then back to Chihuahua, and home via Hammond and Citronelle. And in the Fall of that year we went to Minnesota, going by Sault Saint Marie, and around the north shore of Lake Superior to Tower, where I preached in a revival and we visited with Horton and family - and ate wild goose and grouse. The next year Sis went with us again, and we visited Doris in Knoxville, Mollie in Greensboro, North Carolina, Ginny Lee in New Jersey, and spent a day sightseeing in New York City, then on by Hartford to Cape Cod, then Plymouth rock and on to Bar Harbor, then a quickie trip to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, by the Thousand Isles and Niagara Falls, for a weekend at Pittsburgh and to a gathering of our clan in Indiana where we celebrated our 40th wedding anniversary three months ahead, because we could not get together in November. We logged a lot of miles on that trip, and were blessed with good weather

and a happy time. We planned another big trip for 1973, to Yellowstone and the West Coast, but in view of gasoline shortage and prices, and other factors, canceled that plan, and made only a short trip to Kentucky.

For some years an important item of conversation was where we should go for retirement. Before we bought the house in Citronelle, when we heard that the church at Amite had bought a new manse and was putting the old one up for sale, where we had lived so long, we made a bid on it, but did not get it. We were not greatly disappointed, because we knew that for a minister to retire in a community where he has been pastor often makes for problems. (Instead, the leader of the Ku Klux Klan in Amite bought it!) When we left Citronelle, we rented out the house there, still thinking of the possibility of going back there, but reluctant to do so. We liked the idea of being in the country, and even answered some ads in farm magazines; but as we thought to the years ahead, with diminishing physical powers, it seemed to us that we should not isolate ourselves too far. In March of 1972, Charlotte called us to tell of a house near them in Waynetown, that might go cheap on an estate sale, and we went to look at it, but decided we would feel cramped there. But while we were there, we looked at several houses in Crawfordsville, including a house on Milligan street, which we liked, but considered out of our range, as the owners were asking \$18000, and we did not want to be saddled with mortgage payments on our retirement income. So we went home with nothing decided. About a month later, Charlotte called us again, about another place she thought we would like, and we went back. We liked it, but not as much as the one on Milligan street. We call the realtor, and made an offer of \$15000, hoping that by renting it out for a year or two, and selling the house in Citronelle, we could have it paid for by the time we would want to move in. Our offer was accepted. A realtor in Citronelle sold the house for us for \$8000, which we thought did pretty well, as the renters had not taken very good care, and it needed paint and repairs. And our plan worked out, so that, when we moved in on May 30, 1974, even after putting on a new roof and making other repairs, we have the house, comfortable and secure, free of debt.

42 years! Still in vigorous health, we hope for many more years to live in this house, and to enjoy each other, and our children and grandchildren and our friends, and the experiences that the years may bring. In spite of threats of depression and inflation and energy shortage, we trust that our needs will be cared for in the future as they have been in the past.

This is the end of the book, but not the end of the story. The events related here are but a brief chapter in the long story of life. And we look ahead in confident faith that in it all God's loving purpose for his people will surely be brought to pass.

GENEALOGY SECTION

THE STAFFORD GENEALOGY

JAMES STAFFORD, (came from Staffordshire, England, with brothers John and Ralph) m. Abigail (Dorrs?)

JOHN STAFFORD, b. 12/15/1804, m. Calista Nott, of Orange Co., N.Y., lived in Giles Co., Va., d. Johnson Co., Ky, 12/15/1869

James, 3/21/1825

Ralph, 9/6/1827

William, 12/25/1829

Jane (Dixon) 2/15/1832

Irena (Porter)) Mahan) 3/5/1834

Lucina (Woods) 7/12/1836

Francis Marion (called Uncle Bud), 11/15/1838

Melissa (Williams), 7/8/1841

Thomas, 6/14/1843

Mary (Rule), 6/13/1845

JESSE, 12/30/49, married Georgia Ann Turner, daughter of George and Rachel Pelphrey Turner, born 5/31/1849, married 11/1/1868 Calista, 7/7/1869, d. 1874

Rose Ella (Spradlin), 10/7/1870 d. 1962

Annie (Williams) - Oscar Jr., m. Mary Thompson; Lillian M. (Neele); Robert, m. Allen; Anna B. (Adams); Lora M., d in childhood; John P., m. Blevins

Frank, c. 1892

Vivian (Wiley), c. 1898, -- Rose (Chandler)

Fannie Fern, (Conley) c. 1900 - Quentin William(d. 1956)

Mollie, 4/12/1872 (Stapleton) - Arthur, c. 1890; (Littman) - Mary (Bartram), Clara, Jessie, Florence, Catherine Brakefield)

FLORA MAY, 1/14/1874, m. William Wylie Swetnam, 11/22/1890, see Swetnam - d. 1943

Gillian Beatrice or Bentley, called Aunt Dutch, b. 9/29/1875, (Franklin) - Earl, c. 1893; John Jesse, c. 1895; Durward, c. 1898; Nell (Rose) c. 1901; Georgia Ann (Taylor), c. 1903. Divorced; m. Bailey, c. 1918 d. 1959

Harry Gordon, 4/23/1877, m. tephennie Webb - Earl sons Morris, Jesse, George; m. (2) Bess,divorced, m. (3) Ruth - Barbara (Webb);Dorothy (Reid); Gordon - Harry died c. 1953

Lucina, 7/13/1879, d. Aug. 1880

Ralph, 3/25/1881, m. Mollie Higgins - Roberta (Kesterson); Howard, Dorothy, Geraldine, all died young; Ralph died c. 1954

Clara Elizabeth (Stapleton), 12/11/1883, d. c. 1938 Audrey, Harold, Agatha, Opal

John Jesse, 8/9/1886, m. Grace, no children, divorced, m. Katherine, no children -- still living 1975

Lydia (Estep), 8/20/1855

ALEXANDER PELPHREY, b. Tenn., m. Ailsa Lemaster (She weighed 80 lbs., very active at 80)

James, m. Mary Dean

Ely, m. Tempa Ramey

William, m. Dorcas Dean

Daniel, m. Sallie Ann Hitchcock

Sallie, m. Caleb May

Mary, m. Nim Hitchcock

RACHEL, b. 12/15/1826, d. 7/4/1879, m. George Turner

Elizabeth, m. Martin Wheeler

Artie Frances, m. Robert Elam

David, m. Mary Wheeler

JAMES TURNER m. ANNIE WALLER

E. Suddith (Uncle Sud) m. Nancy J. Rule

Martha, m. James Stambaugh

Mary, m. Stephen Vaughn

Priscilla, m. Green Rule

Joseph, m. Mary Collins

Samuel, m. Cynthia Ellen Rule

GEORGE, m. RACHEL PELPHREY .

Eleazar Washington (Uncle Wash) m. Mary McKenzie b. 1846, d. 1928 -- Ernest,
Rachel, Dorothy (may have been grandchildren)

GEORGIA ANNA, or George Ann, b. 5/31/1849, d. Feb 1950 m. JESSE STAFFORD

Rachel E. (Sis), m. Andy Fox

Isaac Redmond, (Uncle Doctor) b. 1837, d. 1920, m. Louisa Hager Preston (widow)

John, m. Frances Lyons, m. 2., Louisa Colvin

Nancy K., m. Jasper Vanhooose

THE SWETNAM GENEALOGY

JOHN SWETNAM, presumably from England, married Sarah (Ficklen?)

NERI SWETNAM, b. 11/20/1777, (Prince George County?) Va., m. Mildred Cross, daughter of James and Barsheba Cross 12/25/03, went to Lawrence Co. KY. He died there 1862, she 1860

Louisa A. E. 1/28/1805 m. Robert Walter - Edford, Marion, Swetnam, (killed in Union Army) Monroe m. Anne Patrick, their children Luther, Roscoe, Lena, Mandy, Pearl, Edford, Henry.

Claiborne Louis, 2/10/1807, m. Therese Wellman - Milton. Emily (Elisha Wellman) Sarah Jane (Aunt Sackie) (Halton) (Carter), Mary (Gambill)

Zephaniah F. 5/21/1809, m. ? died Prescott, Iowa, 1855. Mildred (Periso). seven between and John, m. Sidney Plaugher, 9 children, Frenchburg, KY

John J., 6/10/1811, went to Bath Co. KY, had numerous family, a grandson John Swetnam was living (in 1950's) Sugar City, Colo. - children Eleanor, John

NERI FICKLEN, 9/5/1813. d. 4/29/1892, m. Serena Patrick, 1858, she was born 7/6/33, d. 1920

WILLIAM WYLIE, b. 12/22/1863, d. Sept. 40, m. Flora May Stafford, 11/22/90, she b. 1/14/74, d. 3/25/43

Ernest Cecil, b. 5/30/1892. m. Winnie Alice Gross, Trenton, GA, 8/24/14

Margaret Flora (8/10/1915) m. A. J. Weldon, children - Ellen, David, John,

Andrea

William Everett, b. 8/9/1917 m. Julia Corliss, children - Donald, William (adopted) Nancy, m.

Ernest Cecil, b. 12/21/1919, killed US Navy, World War II

Randall Gross, b.c. January 1925, m. Louise (?) children - Steven,

Ernest, Patty

Alicia Anne, b.c. March 1937, m. Don Barton, children - Misty Lynn

Florence Shirley, b. 13/13/1898, m. Owen Still, Whitesburg, Ga., 4/2/1922

Owen Spencer, b. 9/20/23, m. Beatrice (?), Regina, Sask. 4 or 5

Eleanor Anne, b. Dec. 1, 1925, m. William Sprankles, children -

Elizabeth, (?) Peggy (Hawker), Thomas

Nora Rebecca, b.c. 1928, m. Robert Kerby - children Robert, Robin

Ruth b. 11/13/1930, m. Glenn Powell

WALTER STAFFORD, b. 10/22/1900, Blaine, KY m. JANIE KATHERINE MURRELL, Oakland, TN, 11/15/32

Charlotte Virginia, b. 12/28/1933, Memphis, TN m. Ernest Leon Ayers, Amite LA, 2/9/1958 children Karen Lee, 4/20/1963, Walter Leon, 2/19/1968 (both adopted)

Walter Horton, b. 6/28/1936, Garanhuns Brazil, m. Norma Dean Gray, Batesville, Ark., 9/9/1956 children Janie Gwyndolyn, b. 11/15/1957 in Batesville, AR, Dawn Elizabeth, b. 11/7/1960 d. 2/20/2010, and William Browder, b. 3/8/1964 in Campbellsville, KY.

Janie Katherine, b. 6/2/1941, Recife, Brazil, m. James Fullman Vann, Citronelle, Ala. 12/18/1965, - children Kristin Grace, 8/7/1970, in Knoxville, TN, Michael Stafford, b. 11/20/1972 in Mobile, Ala.

Iris Elizabeth, b. 5/29/1942, Garanhuns, Brazil, m. Byron Clare Scott, Crawfordsville, Indiana, 11/24/1967, d. 2009 - children Virginia Ellen, 11/10/1969, Claire Elizabeth; 11/4/1970,

William Wylie, b. 5/29/1942, d. 6/20/1942

George Francis, b. 3/11/1904, Hicks Station, Ohio, m. Ruth Isabel Kulamer, Uniontown, PA, 12/31/1936

George F., 9/4/1937, Ann Marton c. 1940, m. David Perry, Noelle, b.c. 1969, Nathan (adopted) b.c. 1972;

John Jesse, b. 6/13/1944, Pittsburgh, PA, m. Laurel (?) - children Molly; b. c. 1973 omitted Geo. Jr. m. Frances (?) - children - Mary Elizabeth, c. 1964, William Dominick c. 1966)

Louisa Rebecca, 10/17/1866 (McKinster) divorced, Herber Rice (took Swetnam, May (Bradley), 4 children Greenup Co., KY) Homer Swetnam, illegitimate, c. 1900, (Ferguson) Fred, c. 1909, m. Eliza Edwards - Edgar A., 1940, John E., 1942, m. Katherine Whitt, Frances C. (Mollett) 1944, Fred J., 1946, m. Helen Moore, Frieda M. 1954, Ruth E., 1957, Carl 1960

Joseph Thompson, 12/5/1868, d.c. 1954, m. Lucy Thompson, Mildred, Joe, Tom Hamilton, 8/10/1871, married in old age, no children, d. c. 1943.

Elzaphen 2/3/1816, m. Cynthia (?) children - Cyrilda (Moore), Julia (Moore), Hester, (Holton, Josephine (Salyer)(Arrington), John... Neri (little N. (?)) (probably Jr., called Bud)

Hamilton S., (Uncle Doctor) 6/1/1818, d. 1893, m. Mary J(ohnson?) - Cordelia (Johnson), John W., m. Alice Burgess, 1872, William B., m. Effie Hemro1s Green, 1877, Mary Trinvilla, (Johnson, 1877)

Purlina E. (Osborne) 1/22/1821 -- went to Arizona

THE MURRELL GENEALOGY

JEFFREY MURRELL, b. 12/24/1786, d. 4/8/1860 m. NANCY (?), b. 1788, d. 1/25/1852

Quincy, m. (?)

Quincy m. 2 (?) Cook

May

Nannie

Amos, m. Corinna Mebane

Mildred

Annie, m. Will Mayo

Janie, m. Charles McMillan

Amos, d. 11 yrs.

Mary, m. Gene Roberts

Fred, m. Inez Parsons - Mary Ann, Katherine Jane, Fred, William Montgomery,

Jack

Amos Gordon, m. Mary Matthews

Amos

Louise Evelyn, m. T. W. Tomlin - Gordon m. Ann Walters (Mary Mather, Margaret Ann, Janet M.) William, Mary Evelyn

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MURRELL b. 7/14/1815, d. 9/10/1865 m. Mary A. Bondurant, daughter of R. M. Bondurant, b. 11/3/1825,

d. 1/26/1855

Pamela A., b. 1846, died in infancy

Mary, m. (?) Polk

S. A., died in infancy

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MURRELL II, b. 12/20/1852, d. 10/5/1916 m. 1 EVELYN HORTON RIDDICK, daughter of E. G. Riddick, Sc.D. (b. England, 1810, d. Macon, TN 1895) and Harriet Ann Coakley Mato, (b. 7/13/1824 d. 12/23/1903)

Mary, m. Ernest Parrot, M. D. '

Ernest, m. Rachel (?)

Murrell

Hattie

Sally, (Sarah), m. Robert L. Jones

BENJAMIN HORTON MURRELL, b. 1882, d. 1958, m. VIRGINIA LEE GRACE

Larkin Ferrell, b. 1908, m. Myrtle (?), children - Molly Ann, 1933, m.

William White; Virginia Lee, 1935, m. Mike Nesterwitz

Georgia Elizabeth, 1910, m. Willard Irwin, child - Virginia Grace, 1940

Janie Katherine, 11/12/1913, m. Walter Swetnam

Charlotte Virginia, 1933, m. Leon Ayers

Walter Horton, 1936, m. Norma Dean Gray

Janie Katherine, 1941, m. James F. Vann

William Wylie, 1942, died in infancy, fraternal twin of

Iris Elizabeth, 1942, m. Byron C. Scott

Benjamin Franklin, 1915, m. Gladys Holm, Doris Ann 1939, m. (?) divorced, child - Robert (Murrell)

Robert Browder, 1917, d. 1929

Mittie, m. D. H. Nelms

Mittie Evelyn, m. Howard Maxson, children - Howard, Nell

Emelyn, m. Rudolph Ritter, child - Robert

Lucy Boone, m. Harry Miller, children - Harry M., Lucy Boone, Patricia, m.

(?), David

Ben David, d. 22 yrs old

Patrick Henry, d. 12 yrs old

Murrell, m. Florence Miller, child - Elizabeth

Harriet Ann, m. Stanley Whittington

Nona, m. H. Z. Kipp

H. W.
Mildred
Richard
Edward G., m. Mabel (?)
Mabel
Ann
E. G.
Thomas Kader, d. 1934, m. Otie Boswell
T. K., m. Marie (?), child - T. K. III
Mary Otie, m. Alfred A. Hodge, Jane, 1948, John, 1951 Sarah, m. James
Sooter, Jimmy, 1948, Donna Jo, Roxie Franklin Boswell, m. Sarah (?), Richard,
Deborah, Jonathan Dwight
Annie Laurie, m. James Hobson, Anne Marie, Thomas Walter Lawrence, m. Mary
Nell McQueen, child - Walter Lawrence, 1957
Charles Curtis, m. Gussie (?), child - Charles
Dorothy, b. 1931, m. Kenneth Hathaway, children - Sherry, Kenneth Ray
Walter Jeffrey, m. Curtis Horner
William Horner, m. (?)
Louise van Dusen, m. Timothy Coradini, Tim, Curtis, Laurie, John, Jeffrey
Lucy, m. Charles McNeill
Sarah Frances
Katherine
John

Benjamin F. Murrell II m. 2, Laura Washington
Janie Katherine, m. William Lee Miller
William Lee, 1924,
Jimmie, 1932
Wylie, m. Josephine Miller (sister to W. L. above)
Wylie (June)
James Robert
Olivia
Emelyn

THE GRACE GENEALOGY

LARKIN FERRELL GRACE, b. Lebanon, TN, 1847, m. Georgia Fraser, daughter of Richard Fraser, of Scotland and Sally Moncrief

LPG d. 1905

Samuela, b. 1876, m. Austin Roche

Eleanor, m. James Upchurch b. 12/17/1898

Eleanor, b. 1919, m. William P. (Red) Kennedy, children - William III, Whiddon, James

Irene, b. 1/30/1923, m. Drehr McDonald, children - Marianne, Elizabeth, Drehr III

James Taylor Jr., b. 5/1/1927, m. Jean McCord, children - James T. III; Thomas, Sally

Elizabeth, b. 7/12/1929, m. Walter Ausfeld, children - Barbara, Carol, Walter Jr.

John Burton, b. 6/29/1932, m. Ellen Evans, children - Alice, Robert

Austin Oliver Jr., b. 1904, m. Martha Lydia Roads, 10/22/1927

Austin Oliver III, b. 11/11/1929, m. Sue Hanna, children - Nan, Chrys

Edward Browning (Ted) b. 4/29/1930

Lydia Ann, b. 11/6/1940

Virginia Grace, b. 9/5/1908, m. Wm. Benjamin Prescott, 1934

William Benjamin Jr., b. 9/20/1935

Walter Warren, b. 5/15/1939

Rochelle, b. 9/18/1941

Robert Browder, (Uncle Rob) b. 3/27/1878, d. 5/5/1948, m. Lutie Dick

R. B. Jr., m. (?)

R. B. III, b. about 1932, killed in Korean War

Sallie Mae, m. Welton Hill

Robert b. about 1932, m. Janie (?)

Richard, b. 1936, m. Janet (?)

Wayne, b. 1938

William, b. 1943

Carl, b. about 1946, d. 4 yrs old

Ralph, m. Kathleen (?)

Kay, b. about 1934

Gordon Ferrell, m. Margaret (?), children - Sallybet, Ferrell

Howard,

Sallie Nelle, b. 4/5/1880, d. 7/21/1954, m. Arnold Seymour

w. A. Jr., b. 1902 (or Arnold F.) m. Vivian Logue

Margaret, b. 1905, m. Harold A. Schuler

Harold A., Jr., b. 6/27/1922, m. Patricia Short, children Robert, 1950, Valeria, 1952, and twin girls, Kimberly and Karen, 1953

Calvin S., b. 1/6/1924, m. Jane Gwinn, children - Richard T., 1946, Gregory, 1948, Marsha, 1950, Donna Jo, 1955

W. A., b. 6/12/1932, m. Anne McKneely, b. 9/20/1932,

Carol Lynn, 1955, Debra Anne, 1956

Richard Fraser, b. 8/20/1936, m. Sharon Logue, b. 8/11/1938, were expecting in March 1958

Edgar, m, Ora Mae Fletcher, child - Lynda

VIRGINIA LEE GRACE, b. 1/5/1885, m. Benjamin Horton Murrel, 6/6/1907

Larkin Ferrell, b. 1908, m. Myrtle (?)

Molly Ann, b. 1933, m. William White, 1959

Virginia Lee, b. 1935, m. Mike Nesterwitz, 1957, child - Mike, 1958

Georgia Elizabeth, b. 1910, m. Willard Irwin child - Virginia Lee

JANIE KATHERINE; b. 11/12/1913 m. Walter Swetnam

Charlotte Virginia, b. 12/20/1933, m. Leon Ayers, 2/9/1958

Walter Horton, b. 6/28/1936, m. Norma Dean Gray, 9/9/56

Janie Katherine, b. 2/1941
Iris Elizabeth, b. 5/29/1942
William Wylie, b. 5 29 1942, died in infancy (22 days old)
Benjamin Franklin; b. 11 18/1915, m. Gladys Holm, children - Doris Ann, 1939,
m. (?), divorced, child - Robert, 1958
Robert Browder, b. 1917, d. 12 years old
Larkin Ferrell Grace, b. 1882, died in infancy
Thomas Jefferson II, b. 7/10/1889, m. Bertie (?), child - Anna June, b. about
1930
Carey Henderson, b. 7/23/1893, m. Gladys Martin. He died after World War I
Carey H. Jr., m. Marjory (?), children - Lynn, Cherry

CHILDREN OF R. FRASER AND S. MONCRIEF

Margaret, m. Westbrook, had a family, some have died
Nannie, m. William Carpenter, child - William, all dead
Donald, d. in childhoQd
Daniel, m. Katie (?), one daughter
Maria Louise, m. Thomas J. Grace, brother of Larkin Farrell - no children
William, m. Ola Cromwell, 3 boys, 3 girls, may be one living
Fannie, m. William Rutherford, 4 boys, 2 girls
GEORGIA, m. LARKIN FERRELL GRACE
Virginia, m. Oliver Cromwell, said to be descendant of THE Oliver Cromwell, 3
children, m. 2, Dave Cromwell
John, m. Ella Knowles, no children
Alexander, m. Ida (?)
Terry, m. Lyla Grant, several children, Family used to reside in Clanton, Alabama

EPILOGUE

Thirty-seven years have passed since my grandfather wrote this history of the Swetnam and Murrell families (with Graces and Staffords along for the ride, too, of course). My grandfather, Walter Stafford Swetnam, passed on in July 2000, just three months shy of his 100th birthday. He was the last of his family, for his beloved brother George died just a few months before him. His wife of fifty-six years, Janie Katherine Murrell, went to her reward ten years earlier, in 1990. In those last ten years of his life, he lived three years on his own in a small ranch house in the tiny community of Hartley, Texas, where he continued to preach occasionally and teach a bible study class at the Presbyterian Church in Dalhart, Texas. When old age and its infirmities caught up with him in his nineties, he moved to Joplin, Missouri in 1993, where he lived with my mother and father, Walter and Norma Swetnam. The three moved a few more times, once to Girard, Kansas for a couple of years, then to Athens, Pennsylvania, where he lived out the remainder of his years. Walter Stafford Swetnam and Janie Katherine Murrell are buried in Oakland, Tennessee, three blocks from the Presbyterian Church where the two of them met that fateful day of May 31, 1931. The church still stands as of the writing of this final page of Kith and Kin.

William Browder Swetnam, EdD
August 20, 2012



Walter Stafford Swetnam and Janie Katherine (Murrell) Swetnam
(Photo dated 1976)